£250 FOOTBALL PRIZE.

Modern Man

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER OF GENERAL INTEREST.

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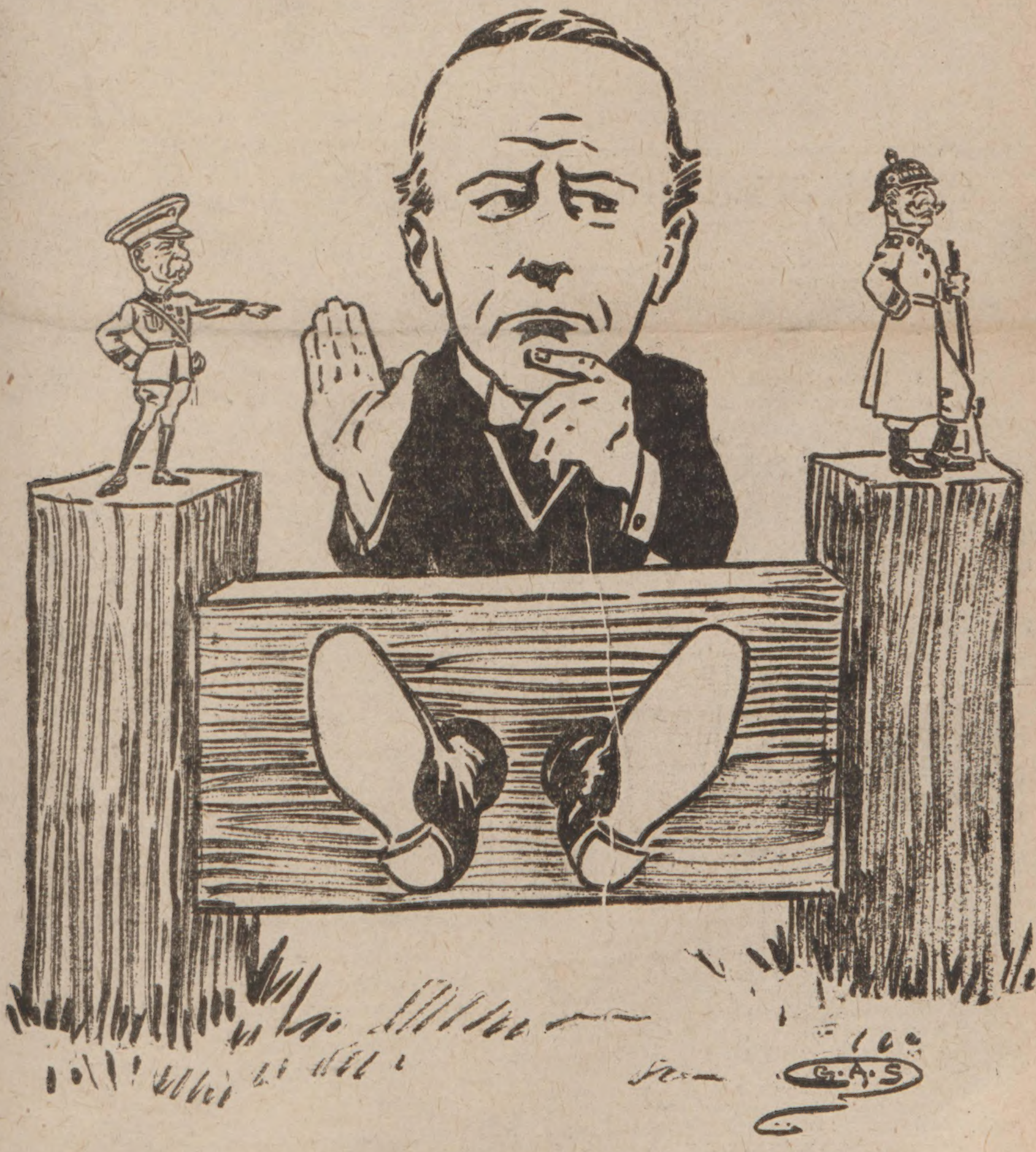

IN THE STOCKS—No. 11: MR. RUNCIMAN, M.P.

Modern Man

No. 210. Week ending November 9. One Penny.

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PLAIN SPEAKING.

We shall be pleased to receive from readers in any part of the country information regarding local affairs or newspaper cuttings on matters of topical interest, suitable to deal with under this heading.

With newspaper cuttings the title heading of the paper must be enclosed, and where written matter is sent it must be accompanied by proof that it is authentic.

Our Subject "In the Stocks."

You deserve it, Mr. Runciman, M.P., Minister for Agriculture, so "in the stocks" you go. The idea of your objecting to the great soldier, Lord Roberts, warning us that Germany means to attack us as soon as she is ready! You have pooh-poohed the assertion and accused Lord Roberts of using inflammatory language. Further you said: If in Germany the speech was resented, you would like Germany to know it was resented not less in England.

There is something nauseous in the spectacle of your lecturing "Bobs." On military matters we stand on Roberts.

* * *

Peril and Apathy.

"A long time has been allowed us for preparation. Twelve years have been given to us, and in those years we have modified and remodified the effete voluntary system; we have invented several new names and a new costume. But as regard efficiency and preparedness for war we are practically where we were in 1900."

Thus Lord Roberts. In effect, "twelve wasted years" is his accusation—the result, unpreparedness for war.

It is for England to be prepared for any emergency, for war at any moment with any invader. We are not prepared—and the sooner that portentous fact gets its tardy grip on the national consciousness the sooner the national safety will be assured.

* * *

Peril of Delay.

The first lesson of the Balkan War is in the fact that in the first one week the Allies got in smashing blows at their enemy all along the far-flung line of battle. They crumpled up the Turk wherever they touched him. In the whole world-old history of warfare, never was unpreparedness so heavily fraught with fatality as in the conditions of warfare to-day.

The hostile landing of even a small force on our shores, the command of our narrowest sea for much less than a week, would mean for unprepared England catastrophe. We are not alarmists—but we are sane. Unpreparedness in times like these is insanity.

* * *

Overworked Judges!

Who says that judges are overworked, and that the judicial bench needs reinforcing? The other Saturday, when Mr. Justice Rowlatt took his seat in the King's Bench Division, a list of only three cases awaited him. One was undefended and was disposed of in just over a minute, and when the second was called on no one appeared. The third was sent for hearing to the adjourned court, where Mr. Justice Horridge had already settled three cases by consent, and was quickly polished off there, the parties and their counsel interviewing the Judge in his private room. Mr. Justice Rowlatt was in court just five minutes.

On the same day the Courts of Appeal were closed, and only one Chancery Judge, Mr. Justice Swinfen Eady, took his seat, for the purpose of hearing an ex parte application, which lasted two minutes. Again, therefore, that very pertinent query suggests itself: Who says that judges are overworked, and that the judicial bench needs reinforcing?

* * *

Disapproval of Bishop's Claim.

We are always disposed to listen with the utmost deference to the admonitions of the Bishops of the Anglican Establishment, but we do not confess to being over favourably impressed when one of them professes to have access to channels of information which are closed to his episcopal brethren.

"It comes to my knowledge from various quarters," said his Lordship of Manchester, in the course of a recent sermon, "that a time of no ordinary trial is before the Church as a whole. I am not speaking of Disestablishment or Disendowment, but a far deeper question. Doctrines, and not doctrines only, but accepted rules of conduct, will before long be severely called in question, and your clergy will need all the grace and power with which God endows them if they are to lead you in the crisis which threatens us."

Well, of course it may be so; but we very much doubt, in spite of the Bishop's claim to special and exclusive information, that things will be worse than the indications which are evident to all of us portend. We distinctly do not approve of the Episcopal scare-monger.

* * *

Disgraceful Hooliganism.

Consistency is a jewel, but apparently the Wycliffe preachers think otherwise; for certain it is they are not consistent themselves. They denounce bishops and inferior clericals for breaking the law in one direction, and then deliberately break it in another "on their own."

Their disgraceful hooliganism at the consecration of the new church of St. Silas the Martyr, Kentish Town, offers a case in point. Even assuming that the officiating prelates, the Bishop of London, and his suffragan, the Bishop of Willesden, were employing ritual accessories not provided for by the Ornaments Rubric of the Book of Common Prayer, the fact in no way justified the "preachers" in brawling in the church, and thus committing an undoubted breach of the law.

There are legitimate ways of airing their grievances and of setting in motion the legal machinery against the objects of their aversion. But presumably it would be too tame a proceeding to have recourse to such. It doesn't sufficiently involve the art of self-advertisement; and when such a mischievous organisation as the Wycliffe preachers depends for its very existence on the financial aid of those who have been not inaptly styled "the old ladies of both sexes," it is, of course, necessary to let them think from time to time that they are getting their money's worth. Otherwise the springs of revenue would dry up, and the last state of the "preachers" would be worse than the first.

* * *

Drunken Motor Drivers.

In common with other rational beings, we are surprised that the Greenwich magistrate should have altered a drunken motorist's sentence from 14 days without the option, to £2 or a month. This leniency must not go on. In view of the grave danger of life constituted by motorists who are incapably drunk or deliberately reckless, there must be no more mere "fining" in such cases. Drunken or deliberately careless motor-drivers must go to gaol.

THE TURKEY TROT.

A Naval Grievance.

Under the new naval regulations, sailors are, in certain circumstances, to have the right to claim a court-martial instead of taking the punishment of their captain.

It is stated, however, that they are to be warned that if subsequently convicted by court-martial they will be punished more severely than if they had taken the captain's award.

This is an utterly wrong principle. Certainly there should be safeguards against purely frivolous appeals. If the court find that the appeal was not made in good faith it should have power to inflict a smart fine or other suitable punishment. To punish a man, however, simply because his appeal is unsuccessful is little short of monstrous.

As a rule, a man will claim a court-martial because he is genuinely dissatisfied with the captain's verdict.

After all, the quarter-deck is not always the best place for investigating a complicated case. Or again, a man may claim a court-martial because, rightly or wrongly, he thinks the captain has a "down" on him, or because he wants time to collect fresh evidence in his defence.

It is giving with one hand and taking away with the other to present the sailor with the privilege of claiming a court-martial and then to threaten him with dire penalties for daring to exercise it.

* * *

Soldiers and their Rights.

In the Army a soldier has the right to claim a court-martial should his Commanding Officer propose to inflict any punishment (fines for drunkenness excepted) which will involve any deduction from his, the soldier's, ordinary pay, such, for example, a sentence of imprisonment, for when in cells a soldier forfeits all pay.

It is expressly laid down, however, that a court-martial is not to "drop" on a soldier simply because he has claimed a trial.

The same rule should apply in the Navy, and we hope Mr. Churchill will see that it does.

* * *

Although "Q" has been granted a "chair" in the University of Cambridge, it is understood that the famous author will still retain the Couch.

Clerical Common-sense.

The Rev. John Taylor Hammond, Vicar of Woodkirk, near Dewsbury, writes in his parish magazine of fair-attending card-sharpers who desecrate the tombstones of his churchyard by playing the three-card trick on them, and who otherwise make themselves a nuisance and a menace to the peace, quiet and morality of the parish during fair time.

The police being apparently powerless, "the remedy," says the Vicar, "is to be sought in an anti-gambling and anti-swindling league of sufficient strength to use physical Christianity should persuasion fail. . . If the Chief Constable of the county will give me permission to raise a body of special constables among my parishioners, I shall be delighted to do so, and I will lead them in person. . . If any of these sharpers were beefy enough to offer resistance, I think our special constables would make a fairly good show," their reverend prospective leader assured an interviewer, admitting that in his younger days he was "fairly useful with the gloves" himself, though he hadn't done anything in the nature of physical Christianity for ten years.

"Physical Christianity," is a phrase distinctly precious, and is well used by a parson who, on just occasion, is prepared to give a practical demonstration of exactly what he means by it.

* * *

Result of Printed Trash.

Some papers have called it "trashy literature," but we will not give it the latter great designation. The reading of "detective stories" of the type which certain prosperous but ignoble firms dispense in thousands was the cause of the downfall of a wretched youth of seventeen, employed in a Stafford Bank. He appeared at the local police court charged with stealing a cheque for £181, the property of his employees.

With this he opened a current account at a bank at Wellington (Salop), and was afterwards arrested in London. No doubt this misguided brat was considerably to blame; but a strong onus rests on the shoulders of the unscrupulous publishing firms who put such trash before immature youths whose sense of *meum* and *tuum* is as yet unformed.

ENTER OUR FREE FOOTBALL COMPETITION NOW.

Prebendary Allen, of Eastbourne, thinks that much of the prevalent "unrest" is caused by the motor-car. Cars brought to their quiet villages, he told the Chichester Diocesan Conference, people to whom money seemed nothing.

Cars cannot be brought to quiet villages without the spending of money—which is just what quiet villages like. This is clerical nonsense.

* * *

Chivalrous Courage in Peril.

Is the Englishman's reputation for chivalrous courage in peril of losing its gloves? There is certainly reason to feel a little dubious about the matter when one reads of a crowd supinely looking on at a life-and-death struggle between a knife-armed man and a defenceless girl; which was the condition of things described at Old Street Police Court the other day when John Patten was charged with wounding his erstwhile sweetheart by cutting her throat and hands.

And the worst of it is, this is by no means a solitary instance of such almost incredible callousness. What it all portends, may perhaps be left to the consideration of the sociologist, who in due course doubtless will seek to enlighten us.

* * *

More Admiralty Inhumanity.

On the Friday of last week the parents of Able Seaman Arthur Ernest Beard, of the destroyer "Acorn," received a message at their home at Plymouth, saying that their son had been injured, and later another to say that his condition was unchanged. Next day they received a short message announcing his death, no details being given.

In view of the fact that the sailor had met his end through the explosion of a lyddite shell, we certainly think that the Admiralty might have seen fit to explain this. We had occasion last week to comment on the Admiralty's inhumanity in cases of this kind; and we hope we shall see no more of it.

* * *

Aged Mother's Life's Savings.

No one can possibly help sympathising with that poor old woman whose unnatural son robbed her of the £100 which represented her life's savings, and disposed of nearly half of it before he was run to earth.

But isn't it most extraordinary that such people cannot see how much better it is to put their little hoardings in the Post Office Savings Bank than to have recourse to the archaic methods of concealment under the mattress or up the chimney? Yet such and so it is.

* * *

Rotten Police Regulation.

When the uncalled for, rotten, and tyrannical police regulation was made prohibiting the distribution of leaflets and handbills in the streets of the city, "for purposes of trade or profit," it was represented that the order would not apply to the distribution of such advertisements except when carried on "for purposes of trade or profit." Then why did the Commissioner of Police warn a Society for the Suppression of Vivisection that the street distribution of their bills, certainly not for any such purposes, would be an offence?

Like the ousting of street vendors, the squashing of street bill-distributors is taking a crust out of hundreds of mouths, and cramping the business enterprise of (more particularly) many small traders.

* * *

Unchristian Christians.

At the hands of plain speaking, straight-thinking Magistrate Biron, of the Clerkenwell Police Court, a homeless ex-convict, who smashed three panes of glass at St. Giles's Christian Mission was let off with the nominal punishment of one day's imprisonment.

It was shown that the man applied to the Mission in a destitute condition, and was sent to New Scotland Yard to obtain a letter of recommendation; armed with which (from Inspector Thomas) he returned for help. He didn't get it.

He was treated in a manner which deservedly brought down on the head of the superintendent (Mr. Wheatley) the severest magisterial rebuke we have heard of for a long time in any case. The man had applied to another Society, was Wheatley's excuse, and it was for the other Society to follow up the case. It was admitted that the other Society had been appealed to—six years before!

A letter, purporting to be signed by Mr. Wheatley, but not signed by him, and containing a statement which Mr. Biron said was "not true," was among other discreditable features of the action of the "Christian Mission."

"You were only asked to make a few inquiries," said the Magistrate, after Inspector Thomas had explained that, subject to satisfactory replies, the Commissioner was ready to help with money. "Instead, your Christian Mission makes misstatements to prevent the man getting help. . . . I don't know what else your Society exists for except to help homeless men. . . You were not even asked for monetary assistance, but every obstacle is put in the man's way by your Society, and it has almost succeeded in depriving him of any possibility of assistance."

The St. Giles's Christian Mission would evidently be all the better for a little more method and a great deal more Christianity.

* * *

Vicar and Penniless Widow.

A case reaches us from the provinces which sounds a serious warning to all women or girls who marry widowers with families. A vicar writes that a lady teacher in his parish married a tradesman with grown-up sons and daughters. From the first she was treated as an unpaid working house-keeper. He kept no servant, and never allowed her any money, although worth £20,000.

He made a will leaving her not a penny. A lawyer took her case in hand after the man's death, but now demands £10 before taking it into Court. She has no means, and is advised to apply to the Guardians for relief, so that they might proceed with the case. . .

This is a clear moral that no penniless girl should marry a widower with children unless he signs an irrevocable financial settlement on her for life.

* * *

Scaffold Collapse.

Yet another danger, though not so dangerous as that presented by drunken drivers, is the carelessness with which scaffoldings are often erected for building or repairing purposes. A mason has quite recently been killed by the collapse of a scaffolding in Queen's Gate, which was not strong enough to bear the weight set upon it.

We presume that the onus of this sort of thing rests upon the foreman scaffolder—and we suggest that in the event of further accidents of the kind that individual should be made subject to some sort of legal proceedings.

* * *

White Slave Traffic.

Mrs. Christine Morris, of Minard Road, Catford, has published a noteworthily sensible letter on this unpleasant but insistent subject. With ourselves, she evidently regards the Bill now in debate as, though a good measure, merely a measure on account. She perceives that root-causes so deep and so far-spread are only reachable by digging. Scratching the soil can do little lasting good.

"A matter of such vast importance to the nation," she writes, "required a public hearing throughout the land. I invite the co-operation of all interested in the question of hygiene and the laws of nature openly and fearlessly to discuss the question. Could we not arrange to hold numbers of lectures and meetings?"

* * *

Potential Mother's Mid-day Meal.

At a conference at the Guildhall, held by the Institute of Hygiene recently, some remarkable facts came to light which are a national importance. Dr. Louis Hawkes said that the London factory girl took her most substantial meal of the day just before going to bed (rather an Irish suggestion about this, but we see what he means), and therefore required no breakfast. A cup or two of strong tea sufficed in the morning. The girl's lunch, however, presents the most dangerous features, from a health standpoint. They can be seen going to oil-shops for a "pen'orth of pickles," which, with a piece of bread, constitutes their sole midday meal.

In view of the fact that pickles eaten in such quantities in this way are most injurious to the human internal organism (especially of women), and also in view of the enormous total of girl factory workers in London, this question is indeed of vital importance to the race. Innumerable business firms provide their girl typists and other female clerks with free lunches on the premises; and we are decidedly of opinion that it is up to factory-owners to do something of the kind for the girls and women in their work-shops.

With reference to Mr. George Bernard Shaw's remarks, dealt with in another column, about Birmingham, a sarcastic query reaches us from a reader in "Brum," to ask "Is Mr. George Bernard Shaw?"

* * *

The Army Dress Committee Again.

The War Office Army Dress Committee has been at it again.

After goodness knows how many sittings, and what expenditure of brain-power (and public money), it has decided to abolish the stand-up collar in khaki uniform, and to substitute a roll collar.

We are not saying the change is not a good one, for no man can march and fight at his best when wearing a tight, stiff, stand-up jacket collar.

What we should like to know is who was responsible in the first instance for clothing the soldier unsuitably, and how long has it taken the Army Dress Committee to discover the undesirability of the stand-up collar except for ceremonial dress? Our own impression is that the present collar has been in use for a good many years.

As usual, the officer and the public pay for the slackness and incompetence of our military sartorial authorities.

* * *

Lives Lost by Order.

Disgraceful facts came to light in a case under the Midwives Act (1902) which was recently heard at Feltham, when Mary Burgess was summoned for acting as a midwife, though not certified as such, not under the direction of a doctor.

The strong case she made against the existing laws resulted in her acquittal, with almost encouraging remarks from the Bench. She said she had only acted in emergencies. There was a certified midwife in the village, but she would not come until she had received a fee of 10s. 6d.

We heartily support the remarks of a magistrate who said that if the County Council insisted upon qualified midwives charging 10s. 6d. for attending poor women, they should provide the money for them. It is an iniquitous state of affairs which enables qualified midwives to leave such women unattended, to suffer and possibly to die, simply because the Act provides a kind of Trade Union for them.

We say unreservedly that any poor woman who dies unattended in child-birth through this cause is murdered by order of the Government; and that this is a glaring evil that has got to stop!

* * *

Rowdy Town Councillors.

We consider that it is high time that some protest was made against the rapid increase of rowdiness in municipal and council meetings throughout the country. Every week, almost every day, the papers report a sort of miniature Donnybrook at some town hall or other.

Among the latest cases is one which at the time of writing is the subject of a Police Court action, brought by a member of the Paddington Borough Council against the son of another councillor. Without any wish to comment on the rights or wrongs of this particular case (though it seems clear enough on whose side the right lies) we present it as a typical instance of the chief cause of these municipal disturbances. There had been a family quarrel between the two councillors in question, which they were ventilating in the Town Hall.

Let there be an end of this introducing of private matters in hours and places devoted to municipal affairs! What should be done is to suspend, either temporarily or permanently, any councillor offending in this way. Then, perhaps, these dignified gentry would perhaps condescend to do useful work instead of behaving like pot-house brawlers.

* * *

"Carrion Taste in Millinery."

This is the useful phrase in which H.R.H. the Ranee of Sarawak described the craze on the part of fashionable women for skins and plumage in their hats. The Ranee gave some striking facts on the subject, which, although many earnest people have advanced it, seems unlikely to receive due consideration from women.

"Every egret worn by a woman means not only the death of the bird, which would rather give up her life than abandon her little ones, but it also means the wailing cry of hunger of her offspring."

When will women, who have gained a reputation for tender-heartedness (is it merited, we wonder?), at length make up their minds to sacrifice the empty-headed dictates of "Fashion" in the interests of the ordinary promptings of humanity?

* * *

Tit-Bits for Tillett.

We have neither measured nor in any otherwise calculated our own language in speaking of the windy humbugs—and worse—of Tower Hill and elsewhere, who mislead the Labour men who suffer their leadership. But in regard to "plain speaking" about these labourer leaders we cheerfully yield the palm to Mr. W. Collison, Secretary of the National Free Labour Association, who referred to them at the Memorial Hall the other day as "irresponsible agitators and reckless adventurers who did not care what methods they adopted, or who starved or died, so long as they could flourish and wax fat."

A subsequently pleasingly direct allusion was made at the same meeting to "mobs of blackmailing hooligans and scoundrels called pickets."

This is the plain language of plain working men, addressed to their plain, working fellows—not one of them known at Frascati's. How do you like it, Tillett?

* * *

Ilford Pillar-Box Outrage.

Quick on the heels of our warning to the authorities as to new outrages contemplated by the old Pankhurst gang, came the news that an attempt had been made to destroy the contents of almost all the many pillar-boxes of Ilford by the insertion of various agencies of devastation. In one box was an open letter to whom it might concern, stating: "This is hateful work, but the Government must be made to see that there can be no law or order until women get the right to vote."

It is stated that the police have come to the conclusion, after inquiries, that this dastardly atrocity was only the "work of mischievous youths." Perhaps it was. We suggest that perhaps it wasn't. Its insensate savagery smells of Suffragettes.

* * *

"Ditto Repeato" at Birmingham.

Just so in the case of the still more recent outrages of the same nature at Birmingham, where in one letter-box containing about two hundred posted packages four were destroyed by corrosive acid, with which was found a printed slip, "Votes for Women."

In various other parts of the midland city many letter-boxes have been designedly damaged and tampered with, "presumably by Suffragettes."

The greater the leniency with which Suffragette prisoners are sentenced on conviction, the greater the number prematurely released after conviction and sentence, the viler and more cowardly become the tactics of the leaders of the movement and the infected horde of their followers.

* * *

Extract from Daily Paper: "Clerk wanted; must be good handwriter." Impossible to write badly with *Modern Man* fountain pen.

* * *

Charges Against Guy's.

We are firm believers in the soundness of the Latin maxim, *Audi alteram partem*; and we do not hesitate to give publicity to an answer sent by the superintendent of Guy's Hospital to the Clerk of the Southwark Guardians, regarding the charges made by that body against the hospital, and to which we referred last week. Says the letter:—

"So far as the resources of this hospital go, they are always at the disposal of the sick poor . . . It is this failure on their (the Southwark Guardians') part to equip a proper out-post hospital (reception station) within their boundaries which is the real cause of the trouble that occurs from time to time."

This may be so, and it may not. What strikes us very forcibly is that, in so high a cause as the public health and the care of the sick and dying, there should be no petty quibbling between great healing organisations. It looks very much like the pot calling the kettle black; and probably both Guy's Hospital and the Southwark Guardians have an Augean Stable of their own, which it is their duty to clear out at once.

* * *

A Major Naish was recently spied in his bedroom by a detective secreted up a tree. Naturally this was enough to make the major Naish his teeth.

£250 FOR FOOTBALL FORECASTS.

It is an open secret that while all the "little" people doing "palmistry" and "clairvoyant" business in the West End have been removed by police action, there are nevertheless several—a dozen at the least—men and women still pursuing the same enterprises, in luxurious establishments which testify clearly to the extensiveness of their clientèle, and with the full knowledge of the authorities. What is the meaning of it? It almost seems as though the Yankee evils of "graft" were not unknown over here—and we do not like the idea at all.

Contemptible Taxi Bilkers.

We have an unbounded disgust for the contemptible creature—he hardly deserves to be described as a man—who is capable of riding in a taxi-cab without any intention of eventually paying the fare. We hold no brief for taxi-cab drivers, many of whom we have found from experience to be of an uncouth and grasping character; but we realise that in many cases they are hard put to it to make a living wage, and we consider that a man who could defraud such struggling workers ought not to be let off with a fine. He ought to do "time."

The latest instance is that of a resident of Teddington, who engaged a cab in which he paid several calls, finally telling the driver bluntly that "he had no money." In the police court, where he subsequently put in an inglorious appearance, he made the rather remarkable excuse that he had some hundreds of pounds owing to him by a man with whom he had quarrelled, and who was trying "to make things hot for him." We rather hope he succeeds. A miserable taxi-"bilker" deserves to have things made for him as hot as Hades.

Babies Home Scandal.

A Tooting home for babies, which was closed at the beginning of last month, after four babies had died within a week, was described to the Battersea Coroner at the inquest on two of the infants. The Coroner severely censured the woman who kept the home—and in our opinion deservedly.

The "economical" lines on which she ran the establishment was illustrated by the poor pay of the nurses and by the emaciated condition of one baby of six months, when brought to the infirmary. The "medical adviser" to this charming home was an "honorary" (we cannot call him an honourable) one; and he admitted that he had been asked to go round occasionally, but that he did not do this. Said the Coroner, "Whether you had undertaken the position for money or not, you should have gone round."

We entirely agree. The conduct of the proprietress of the "home" and that of the doctor was nothing short of ghoulish; and we are sorry that no further action can be taken against them.

TO ANGELS WHO MAY COMMAND HIM (ALMOST) ANYTHING.

(With Apologies.)

Guy Fawkes Day.

Bid me to light, and I will light
A Cath'rine Wheel for thee,
Or bid me hold it more upright,
I'll bow to thy decree.

A wheel as bright, a wheel as kind,
With sparks as gay and free
As in the best shops thou canst find,
That wheel I'll give to thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair,
'Tis damp as it can be;
Or bid me try, and I will dare
To light maroons for thee.

Bid me to watch the rockets rise
As high as I can see;
And bid me weep with both my eyes
When sticks fall down on me.

Thou art my love, and I'll obey
Thy sweet commands *ad lib*;
But I *do* strike, it's best to say,
At letting off that squib!

L. M. O.

BIG BREAKFAST EXCUSES.

An Artist's Ideas of Surgeon's Advice.

AT THE DEPOT. EXPRESS DRIVER:- "50 MINUTES LATE BUT IT CAN'T BE HELPED"
BRIDEGROOM:- "LATE DEAR, BUT I'M HEALTHY"
CLERK, JUST ARRIVED:- "DO AS YOU LIKE, I'M NOT HUNGRY"
PRISONER:- "CAN'T COME I HAVEN'T FINISHED BREAKFAST."
CONDEMNED CELL
J.B.L.

The advice tendered to business men a few days ago by Sir William Bennett, K.C.V.O., F.R.C.S., "Eat a big breakfast and a small lunch if you wish to retain your health," may result in some such incidents as depicted above by our artist.

A CORNISH CUSTOM.

The southern district coroner who said that a person's second Christian name was generally not known, has been reminded that the custom is quite common in Cornwall of using two and even three Christian names when speaking of an individual.

The writer has often heard a mother calling on "William John Thomas" to "come here," and telling "Elizabeth Mary Ann" to "hold the baby."

£250 FOR FOOTBALL SKILL.

The Result of the No. 1 Football Contest will be published in next week's issue.

Undoubtedly every Modern Man is still interested in our good old winter sport. At any rate it looks like it, if we may judge by the interest that is being taken in our Great Football Skill Offer.

If you have not already interested yourself in this fascinating pastime, do so now, for it is not only an entertaining study for the long winter evenings, but a profitable one.

To be successful in forecasting the results of matches one must be well acquainted with the various teams engaged, and also with the factors that make for success in a football match, such as whether a team is playing at home or away. A knowledge of the form and special abilities of the various members of the teams is also very necessary in making such a forecast. A number of handbooks are published, furnishing facts regarding the past performances of clubs, but the best guide is the information published in the newspapers as to what clubs have done or have failed to do in the present season.

By intelligently studying the work done by the various teams one is able to gauge with marvellous accuracy the result of the match.

WHAT READERS HAVE TO DO.

On this page is given an entry form containing the names of football clubs engaged in matches in the First, Second and Southern Leagues on Saturday, November 9th, and for the prize of

£250

you have to draw a line in ink through the name of the club you forecast will *lose*. Where you predict a *draw* leave in names of both teams.

To the reader from whom we receive an entrance form showing the correct results of the matches given below we will award the sum of

£250.

In the event of no set of forecasts received representing the whole of the correct results

£25

will be forwarded to the competitor whose effort is nearest to the correct result.

Entry forms must be filled up in ink; erasion or alterations will disqualify the form; and in the event of a tie or ties, the prize will be divided.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE COMPETITION.

(1) On the coupon appearing on this page you will find the names of teams playing in sixteen matches next Saturday, November 9. Cross out the names of the teams you predict will lose. Where you forecast a draw don't cross out either name.

(2) Having done this, fill in your name and address in space provided, cut out the entrance form and send it addressed to MODERN MAN, No. 2 Football Competition, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. The entrance form must reach us not latter than first post on Friday, November 8. Any arriving later will be disqualified.

(3) No reader can send more than one entrance form, but more than one member of a family may compete. (No employee of the firm can enter the competition).

(4) The Prize of £250 will be awarded to the competitor whose Entry Form represents the correct solutions of all the matches played, but if the whole of the sixteen matches are not played, the £250 Prize will be reduced to one of £50.

(5) In the event of no Entrance Form containing all correct solutions, £25 will be awarded to the sender of the Entrance Form nearest to the correct result.

(6) In the event of a tie, or ties, in this Competition, the prize will be equally divided.

(7) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort, and evidence of posting will not be accepted as evidence of receipt.

(8) No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, neither will interviews be granted.

(9) Any coupon on which any alteration of any description has been made will be disqualified.

(10) Scottish readers who are domiciled in Scotland are precluded from entering this competition, and no coupon bearing a Scottish address can be accepted.

MODERN MAN FOOTBALL CONTEST.—No. 2.

Matches to be played on Saturday, November 9th. Cross out—in ink—the name of the team you forecast will *lose*. For a *draw* do not cross out either name.

DERBY COUNTY	v.	SHEFFIELD UNITED.
BLACKBURN ROVERS	v.	NEWCASTLE UNITED.
SHEFFIELD WEDNESDAY	v.	OLDHAM ATHLETIC.
SUNDERLAND	v.	MANCHESTER UNITED.
TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR	v.	BOLTON WANDERERS.
BRISTOL CITY	v.	NOTTS FOREST.
GRIMSBY TOWN	v.	HULL CITY.
BLACKPOOL	v.	WOLVERHAMPTON WANDERERS.
BRADFORD	v.	LEICESTER FOSSE.
HUDDERSFIELD	v.	CLAPTON ORIENT.
BURY	v.	BURNLEY.
MILLWALL	v.	SWINDON.
NORTHAMPTON	v.	WEST HAM UNITED.
NORWICH	v.	COVENTRY CITY.
BRENTFORD	v.	PORTSMOUTH.
SOUTHAMPTON	v.	MERTHYR TOWN.

I agree to abide by the conditions governing this Competition, and to accept as final the result published in *Modern Man*. I enter the Competition on this distinct understanding.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

.....Cut here.....

FREE SHAVING SET COUPON.

Six of these Coupons, cut from the current issue of MODERN MAN, and a P.O. for 1s. to cover carriage and packing expenses, secures a 5s. Silver Plated Patent MODERN MAN Safety Razor, a Silver Plated Stropper, and a 1s. stick of Shaving Soap in metal tube; all completely packed in handsome case. For particulars see page 1514.

Dated, November 9, 1912.

.....Cut here.....

..Cut here...

PEN COUPON.

Twelve of these Coupons and a postal Order for 1s. buys one of MODERN MAN 10s. 6d. Fountain pens, with 14-carat solid gold nib. For particulars see page 1544.

.....Cut here.....

Readers Sale or Exchange.

Advts. are inserted under this heading at the rate of 1d. per word, and should be sent with remittance to the Advt. Manager, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Vacancy for approved Journalistic Pupil, in the (London) offices of the editor. Proprietor of several well-established periodicals covering a wide field. Thorough practical training in every branch, literary and commercial, with sub-editorial or other position when competent. Premium of £200, returnable in progressive salary.—Address Ambition, Box 148, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Conjuring catalogue, illustrated, free; send early.—Vandy (Dept. M.M.), next Wyndham's Theatre, London.

Wanted, suit-case, best make (second-hand), not less than 25in. by 18in.—Cooper Banton, 43, Newhall Lane, Preston, Lancs.

Concentration: Its ten laws, on card; subject in a nutshell; 1s. 2d.—Talisman Office, Harrogate.

PAWNBROKERS' Clearance Sale. Send for list of 3,500 genuine bargains of every description; post free; astounding value.

25/ —GENT.'S £5 Double-breasted Winter OVERCOAT, 40in. breast; superior quality heavy dark-grey frieze with tweed lining, deep turned-down collar and strap cuffs; made for motorist by West End tailors; never worn. Approval.

10/6 Gent.'s 18ct. gold-cased keyless lever watch, improved action (John Forrest, London), 10 years' warranty, absolutely perfect time-keeper; also double curb albert, same quality, with Grecian head seal attached. Week's free trial. Together, great bargain, 10s. 6d. Approval

29/6 (Original price £5 15s.) Valuable double-barrelled breech-loader gun, top lever, 12 bore, proof-tested barrels, left choke, rebounding locks, central fire; new condition; sacrifice, 29s. 6d. Also another, hammerless, worth £9 9s.; sacrifice, 65s. Approval.

10/6 ORGAN TONE MELODEON; magnificent 37s. 6d. instrument, 12-fold bellows (metal bound), 40 sets reeds, 4 acting stops, 2 bass chords, rich, powerful tone, in perfect order; sacrifice, 9s. 6d.; approval.

4/9 Knitted CARDIGAN JACKET; (Worth 15s.).—Gent.'s Well-made reliable quality; unworn; approval.

21/- (Worth £4 4s.).—GENT.'S Solid Silver Real English Hall-marked Lever Watch; exam. by the celebrated watchmaker, W. Russell, London; high-grade movement, highly tempered unbreakable main spring, timed to a few seconds a month; ten years' written warranty; also Gent.'s Solid Silver English Hall-marked Massive Curb Albert, with Silver Compass attached; bargain, 21s.; approval.

DAVIS & CO., (Dept. 4) Pawnbrokers, 234, Brixton Road, London, S.W.

WHAT ACTORS THINK OF BIRMINGHAM.

Stage Favourites on Warwickshire's Capital.

Mr. George Bernard Shaw, so it appears, has been saying some rather cruel—or, at any rate, unkind—things about Birmingham's taste as regards drama. Among other statements, he is reported to have declared that "famous artistes who command audiences everywhere are not sure of Birmingham."

Is this the case, or is it not? To obtain a decision the Editor of *Modern Man* has asked for the views of several actors and actresses, who all come under the category of "famous artistes"; and some of these we publish here.

Mr. Arthur Bourchier, who is at present taking the leading part in the successful play, "Find the Woman," at the Garrick Theatre, London, writes:—

Sir,—With reference to your letter regarding Mr. George Bernard Shaw's reported statement that "famous artistes who command audiences everywhere are not sure of Birmingham," will you permit me to say that, in my humble experience of provincial support, Birmingham is not only able to compete with the other large English cities, but its theatres are blessed with a greater holding capacity than most. I fancy London theatrical companies will corroborate my testimony that their week's business in Birmingham compares very favourably with that done in the other towns. Of course, I do not know what Birmingham's attitude may be towards Post Impressionist plays, or plays dealing with irrelevant and irreverent discussions.—Yours, etc., Arthur Bourchier.

Another communication in favour of the dramatic appreciation of audiences in the Warwickshire capital comes from Miss Hilda Trevelyan, the famous actress, whose "Wendy" in "Peter Pan" will remain a classic impersonation as long as that delightful fairy-play endures, and who is now playing the name part in "Little Miss Llewellyn" at the Vaudeville Theatre. Her manager writes as follows:

Dear Sir,—In answer to your letter, I am desired by Miss Trevelyan to say she has always done very good business at Birmingham.—Yours faithfully, C. Paget.

Miss Marie Tempest, who is delighting large audiences nightly at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, in "Art and Opportunity," would appear from her letter, which we give below, to incline towards Mr. Shaw's opinion. Says Miss Tempest:—

Dear Sir,—In reply to your query, I can only say that on a recent visit to Birmingham, with the same company that played to crowded houses in London, I barely took expenses. My son, who visited it recently with "At the Barn," had a similar experience. The company was rehearsed by me and the scenery and dresses were an exact replica of those in London. I saw a performance of the company at Brighton, and was very pleased with it, but apparently I am less exigeante than the critics of Birmingham, who wrote in the strain of the famous criticism of Mr. Thomas Montgomery by Lord Macaulay—not merely dissatisfied with the acting and production, they laid themselves out to tear the play to ribbons, although it had found favour with the Metropolitan critics. Indeed the London Press spoke of the play as being one of the most brilliant and charming comedies of late years. But in Birmingham apparently the standard of taste is higher—or is it?—Yours faithfully, Marie Tempest.

After that, poor Birmingham may well be allowed a pat on the back; and this is forthcoming from Miss Ethel Warwick. At her instance we have received the following:—

Dear Sir,—Miss Warwick says, in reply to your letter: "Speaking from experience, I have always found Birmingham the most discriminating and artistic audience in England. But, as Mr. Shaw says, 'You never can tell.'"—Yours truly, Edmund Lewis-Waller.

To sum up, it strikes us that the critics of Birmingham are really arguing on a false premise—and this refers in no lessened degree to Mr. George Bernard Shaw. In his argument and that of other writers in the same strain, the "classic" play (whatever that may really signify) is chiefly referred to. It is said that Birmingham cannot appreciate the classic play. We do not agree. We believe that a play that is well written, well acted, and well staged will always find favour from Birmingham audiences.

LLOYD GEORGE & BRITISH SAILORS.

Wealthy Owners and "Coffin" Ships.

Our recent article deploring the fact that so many alien sailors are aboard British ships has led another reader to enquire why is it that we, a seafaring people, willing to go in our thousands to render homage at the heroic shrine of Nelson's Column on Trafalgar Day, allow our ships to be manned by nearly 40,000 alien sailors? He proceeds:—

We are a practical people, according to Bonaparte, "a nation of shopkeepers," with an eye to the main chance. So why do we, if only from the standpoint of it paying us, allow the present state of affairs to exist?

Last Shift of Failure.

There was a time in Poplar when to ship under the Red Ensign was considered an honourable act. That day is no more. To ship there now, as elsewhere, under present conditions of pay and food—"rating," so called—is more or less the last shift of failures ashore—of even those destitute.

Only recently a meeting was called to discuss how best the public can obligingly provide shipowners with public money to train labour for our ships, and I can quite understand why the announcement of the extortion of a promise of help from the Chancellor of the Exchequer was applauded. But that is not the way out of so vital a difficulty.

The State is not a milch cow. The onus of providing decent conditions for our gallant mercantile marine is on the shipowners themselves.

What England needs is a great wave of honest disgust, which shall taboo, in every port of the kingdom, the wealthy owners who make ships "coffins" for the burial at sea in a gale of brave, simple hearts, loved by wives and children. Then they may do their duty by our sailors.

Officers and their Pay.

Observe these facts as to the working life of even an officer, an educated man with three certificates, so no fool. For a seven days week of one hundred hours they are paid 6s. a day, plus food and lodging fit for rattlesnakes, costing about another shilling.

Consider, further, that this shilling is of small account since the man has a home to support. Then do you wonder at the dearth of British sailors.

What is the alluring charm of sea life when the romantic paint is rubbed off? How can our boys be expected to "train" to go to sea?

Owners' Responsibility.

Make a sailor's life worth while, and there will be no shortage of men, and there will be no need for "aliens."

It is not the Government, but the wealthy corporations owning, literally, men's lives, bodies and souls, who are responsible to the nation.

Even supposing Mr. Lloyd George gives ear to beggary, how will it give a sailorman decent food, more pay, and a day of six hours, or its cash equivalent for his forced work on the Sabbath?

And if you don't effect that, how will you decrease aliens numbering, roughly, 40,000?

JOHN BOLD.

Mr. Gadd: Can I see that burglar who was arrested for breaking into my house last night?

Inspector (hesitatingly): Well, I don't know. What do want to see him for?

Mr. Gadd: Oh! there's nothing secret about it. I just wanted to find out how he managed to get into the house without waking my wife.

* * *

Have you a safety razor? If not send at once. No man should be without the *Modern Man* complete shaving set.

* * *

"Ma caught Pa kissing the servant."

"What's she going to do about it?"

"That's the trouble. She doesn't know. She can't make up her mind whether to get rid of Pa or the girl. Sometimes she says she thinks she can get a new husband easier than she can get a new servant."

THE LOVE OF CHANGE.

Why Seasons are Always Welcome.

Since a greater number of people began to take an interest in country life—often, it must be said, like a child fiddling with the latest mechanical toy brought home by Daddy from town—there has arisen a fashion for writing to the newspapers and commenting on the wonders of this season or that. "This wonderful autumn" is among the present headings to letters of this sort.

The Latest Wonder.

The habit of imagining that any present season is the most wonderful that has ever happened is among the commonest in human nature. What it really indicates is that every season as it comes round is indeed, and in truth, the latest wonder, far outstripping in real interest all the wars and tragedies and farces of life as they are presented to us day by day in print.

Another reason for the prevalence of this letter-writing habit is the merciful shortness of the human memory for details, and even for general impressions. As one lounges at the side of some stream on a scorching summer day one is inclined to think that that hour will live for ever in the memory, and that every detail of the picture will be realised years and years hence.

But a month later much of the "atmosphere" of that day has been lost, a haze has come over the mental picture, and when another steaming day comes along it is hailed as the ideal and never-to-be-forgotten, in just the same way as was its predecessor.

Thrill of Pleasure.

And so it is with seasons. Looking forward to winter from the view-point of the long summer evenings, there seems nothing but dreariness in the prospect.

But wait a few months, and then analyse your feelings about winter. There is a very different outlook. There is a thrill of welcome to the time of roaring winds, of bare trees, of roads ringing to the feet in their frost-bound hardness. The prospect of biting, searching cold is enough to brace one to keener enjoyment; and, if the whole truth must be told, there is a suspicion of weariness of summer, and of gladness that the year has taken another turn.

And so, in its order, winter will grow stale to our senses, and we shall be ready for spring with another thrill.

Calm and Golden Periods.

But to leave speculations and turn to the season itself. Yes, this is a "wonderful autumn." It has been marked by all those characteristics that go to make a good autumn. We have had the wild storms that have stripped the trees, and we have had the calm and golden periods that are so beloved of English people who are so often robbed of much of their real summer weather in the earlier months.

Perhaps these calm and golden periods are the most attractive both for themselves and for what they enable us to enjoy. One of the chief pleasures, after the sights and sounds of harvest, is the opportunity of watching the changes in the habits of the home-staying birds. The gathering of the flocks that roam the countryside in large companies throughout the winter has been easily observed this year.

The impulse has been strong upon them. Starlings, finches and tits have answered it in their thousands, and may be met with now far out in the lonely fields, living a life that seems entirely independent of human beings after their nesting and rearing duties are over.

Out over the wide, level ploughed lands the winter congregations of plovers make a fascinating picture. These wild attractive birds which will scarcely share a field with a rival during the nesting season, now keep closer together in flocks of many hundreds than almost any kind of bird.

In a Ploughed Field.

They delight to sit motionless in a ploughed field in the chilly, misty autumn afternoon. They are then almost invisible except to trained eyes. But put them up! At once the surface of the ground is alive with grey and white flashes, and a great flock rises, to wheel about for a time and then settle again when danger is past.

Soon the flocks of Northern thrushes will be here; the redwings and the fieldfares, and when their notes are heard we shall know that autumn is giving place to winter.

C. EASTON GREY.

INDISCRETIONS.

Why is it that a certain "song and dance" performer, who has at present an engagement in a musical production at a famous West End music-hall, always shows such obvious signs of discomfort, and tries to turn the subject, when the "White Slave Traffic" is discussed in his presence?

* * *

A great many people are curious to know why a certain well-known actress, who was a day or two ago married for the second time, did not receive nearly so much fulsome publicity as is usually the case in such events.

We can put it in a nutshell. It was because everybody has too much esteem for her first husband, by whom she had been divorced, and who is one of the best of comedians and good fellows breathing.

* * *

Why is it that a classical dancer who was at one time seen frequently at entertainments and other assemblies at the residence of a distinguished Cabinet Minister, is so little heard of just now? We wonder if the gentleman's wife has anything to do with it.

* * *

Why is it that the incumbent of a comfortable Berkshire living has been so suddenly transferred to a comparatively obscure one in Northumberland? Is this in any way connected with the rumour that someone very like him was seen, in layman's attire, issuing—not unaccompanied—from a notorious lounge-bar within a hundred miles of Wardour Street?

* * *

Since our note, last week, about a certain flat in West Kensington, we have received several letters from people who alleged that they have been swindled there. If any others care to write us giving information, we may be in a position, after making the necessary enquiries, to be of material assistance to several in regaining some of their losses.

* * *

Why was it that a well-dressed woman, who was seen by a shop-walker in a well-known Oxford Street establishment to place certain goods in her muff, was so quickly allowed to go unmolested, when the proprietor saw who she was? And why was the shop-walker censured for his apparently rightful action?

* * *

We warn any girls thinking of taking up nursing, against a man who is now advertising under a woman's name, for "probationers for a hospital," and giving a private address in a none too reputable street in a North-Western suburb of London.

* * *

Our Jam Note: Purity Guaranteed.

THE DAMNABLE HIRE SYSTEM.

GREEDY SHARKS AND THEIR BRUTAL METHODS.

As we anticipated, our uncompromising article of last week on what we described as "The Damnable Hire System," has brought us much congratulatory correspondence from all parts of the country. Here is a letter from a reader in Fulham:—

"Good luck to you, Mr. Editor, in your crusade against the iniquitous 'hire purchase' furniture system. My own home has been ruined by it, and I should be deeply grateful if you would take my case up. . . . At any rate, I trust you will not stop short in the good work you have started, for with the influence of *Modern Man*, it should not be long before the entire British public is roused to a sense of the dangers that lurk, cunningly hidden, behind this ruinous traffic. . . ."—L.D., Purcell Crescent, Fulham Cross, S.W.

We can assure "L.D." that we shall not rest from our labours until we have presented the hire purchase evils to the public in the entirety of their appalling menace. If "L.D." cares to furnish us with full particulars of his own case (which, of course, we shall treat in entire confidence), we will endeavour to gain as much justice for him as we can. Now for further facts.

Investigations in the Metropolis.

We have set a special commissioner to work on this campaign, whose special duties are to investigate the most glaring cases of hardships. During the last week he has been busily visiting different localities of the Metropolis and its suburbs; and his investigations are embodied in the present article. He says:—

The brutal methods of the one-time usurer, the money-lending Shylock, have been neutralised by legislation; and now the man who dispenses the world's greatest need—money—can only do so at a reasonable profit decided by law. Thus it is that the professional blood-sucker has hit upon another universal requirement hardly less important than money, to wit, furniture with which to set up a home. There is no truer saying than the ancient scriptural one, "It is not good for man to be alone," and it is on the almost universal unwillingness of men of the working and wage-earning class to live in solitude, that the metamorphosised Shylock fattens and prospers.

He cannot now lend money at cent-per-cent; but he can—and does—provide furniture at a profit of hundreds per cent., and in a great many cases pockets the money of hard-working people without, on his part, giving any value whatever.

Bait for Bachelors.

There is one firm advertising extensively at the present moment in papers which circulate among the hard-working but little-educated and consequently easily-deluded section of the community. This firm's principal advertisement bears, at the head of it, a picture of an attractive-looking girl, remuinating on the joys of "home." Underneath is an exhortation to the male reader not to keep his intended waiting for the happiness of married life, and explaining that however small his earning capacity may be, he can easily afford to furnish a small "home" under the firm's "unique system." It is careful not to explain fully the nature of the system in the advertisement; but I have investigated it; and will explain it, for the benefit of any readers who might otherwise be numbered among its victims.

In a Position to Blackmail.

No applicant for furniture is supplied unless he is in receipt of regular wages; and in every case he is made to give full particulars of his employment. Thus it is that if at any time he should happen to fall into arrears with his instalments, the firm of furnishers are in a position to blackmail him. We have no hesitation in using the word. They speciously declare in their advertisement that they do not believe in a system which deprives a man of his furniture because he temporarily cannot pay the instalments.

It all sounds very noble and magnanimous; but it does not alter the fact that the firm in question have a disgracefully unpleasant method of obtaining the usurious rate of payment originally demanded for their wares

Bear in mind that the "client" is in regular work. His work, however, is probably poorly paid, and all that he has to rely on for a living for himself and his family. The furnishing sharks know this; and if he falls into arrears they are not slow in telling him that if he does not pay, they will inform his employer. To gain a reputation for unsteadiness in the place where he works is the very last thing that the poor victim wants. So he unwillingly sacrifices some other even more important item in his weekly expenditure—perhaps his rent, but in most cases *food*.

Hire furnishing sharks are directly responsible for thousands of cases of starvation or "notices to quit" among the working classes!

Securing Money for Nothing.

This is, however, not the system on which hire-purchase sharks work. The majority do not care very much whether the client is in receipt of a regular salary or not. They rely on the clause in their agreement that the goods can be taken back if the instalments fall into arrears. In this way they literally get money for nothing.

In the first place, the majority of their "clients" are wage-earners whose wages do not admit of their saving enough to buy furniture outright. Their £1 5s. or £1 10s. per week has to cover all manner of domestic expenses, so that all they can afford is about £10 worth or £15 worth of furniture supplied at a deposit of £1 or £1 10s. and a weekly payment of 2s. 6d. or 3s. 9d.

It must be noted at the outset that the furniture is invariably of the most inferior kind and worth perhaps half (if as much) of the price originally set upon it. Thus, when only half the instalments have been paid the full value has, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, been received by the firm!

Greeted with Bland Smile.

But, not contented with this, they deliberately set out to lead their "clients" after that stage into a happy-go-lucky frame of mind. As each instalment is paid, the client is greeted with a bland smile and some such remark as "You really need not have worried. . . . Any time would have done. . . ."

This is deliberately intended to lull the subscriber, who, it must not be forgotten, is in poor circumstances, into the misguided idea that if he falls behind with his payments the kindly disposed firm will not be hard on him. So at last, when very little remains to be paid, he permits one week to go by without paying.

Then one day he returns from work to find his home empty and his wife in tears. There has been a knock at the door, she has unsuspectingly opened it, the furniture men have forced an entrance, and taken every stick away. . . ."

Light on a Vital Point.

We may make this vital point clear at once, for the benefit of any readers who may have furniture on the hire-purchase system. No firm can take back their furniture (no matter what form of agreement you may have signed) so long as you do not allow them to enter your dwelling, without a magistrate's order. Without this, you can defy them by denying them an entrance.

If they enter against your wish, by breaking in or using violence in any form, they are committing infraction of domicile.

Remember this if you should be threatened with the removal of furniture for which you have nearly paid. No magistrate would grant an order in such circumstances; so that the only course the sharks could take would be to obtain from the County Court an order for the balance by small instalments; and it is doubtful whether such people would obtain any material from a County Court judge, who is invariably a clear headed man of the world.

Usury under Another Guise.

We fancy we have shown conclusively that the iniquitous hire-purchase furniture industry, as it stands at present, is merely usury under another guise, and we do not intend to let it continue. We invite any readers who may be enduring or have endured injustices of this kind, to write to us in confidence; and we will see to it that justice is done to them.

THE LONELY MAN.—

By A. G. Storm.

He might have been seen, at various seasons of the year, wandering in the West End parks, pausing with a friendly eye to watch the playing of children. If any of them replied with a similar interest in himself, he usually became self-conscious, looked shy, and walked on. He was a frail little elderly man, shabby, but scrupulously neat, with bedimmed blue eyes, and a book under his arm which he seldom, if ever, read. The book came in useful, however, as a shield for indulging his harmless hobby. He could sit and be pretending to read it, while all the time his interest was centred elsewhere.

Sometimes he made advances, would beam with such transparent affection that the answering inquisitiveness of children (so often cruel) would involuntarily break into a smile and show readiness to be affectionate too. But, unfortunately, when he spoke, he had a fierce and rather frightening way with him—the result of nervousness and a desire to be jolly. Perhaps if one of the children had had confidence enough, trusting in his eyes instead of his voice, his truer nature might have been able to reveal itself. He merely wanted the excuse to distribute pennies, and to solace his own loneliness by the temporary sweets of companionship.

It was not only in children of tender years that he confessed himself tremendously interested. Older children attracted him—grown-up girls, who he knew full well would have characterised him as an "old fogey" or a "funny old freak." There was nothing in his appearance to engage their sympathy. He had merely an odd look of having been overlooked and forgotten.

Sometimes he had quite an adventure. He would find himself seated next to one of those mysterious and beautiful young creatures and overhear her conversation, carried on with a complete unheeding of himself with her companion on the other side. If the companion was a man, and much older than herself, so much the more thrilling the adventure. He had a peculiar and insatiable longing to know [illegible] talked to men, how children in particular confided in their elders.

Once his shyness was subordinated to desire, and he landed himself in an experience. A young girl had left her glove upon the seat. He eyed it and her. She was of a fragile slimness with corn-brown hair and eyes like forget-me-nots. Her companion was an older man, hale and hearty, no with a tender chaffing way with him. He picked up the glove and hastened in pursuit. At the moment of restoring it his eagerness was mastered by flurry.

Blue eyes had disconcerted him. He offered the glove to the gentleman, his manner incoherent, apologetic. "Your daughter's glove, I think—pardon me—she left it." He made a nervous grab at his hat, stepped backwards, collided with a pedestrian, and turned and fled. His heart was tumultuous. The gentleman, greatly amused, laughed.

"I like that!" he exclaimed. "My daughter, indeed!" He turned to his fiancée and coaxed her with his expression. "I ask you," he went on; "do I *look* like your father?"

But she was not listening. She was looking after the retreating form, faint trouble clouding her brow.

"Did you notice," he said, "how funny he looked?"

"What do you mean—funny?"

"I don't know. His eyes . . ."

* * *

Could one have followed him home one would have seen him enter a dingy looking house in a street as dingy, where children, unrestrained, played noisily all day long. He occupied a small bed-sitting room on the third floor front; a room where the furniture was bare but as clean and conscientiously tidy as himself. And on the table was the photograph of a child, framed in a dark oak frame.

His eyes would have been seen to speed to it the instant he entered the room. And presently, most likely, he would pick it up and stare at it absorbedly, comparing it with the faces which had specially appealed to him that day. And his eyes would dim, so that the picture was seen through a blur.

And memory would carry him back to a diminutive, beautiful child, with hair like gold and eyes the colour of forget-me-nots, whose winsomeness of ways and speech brought choking to the throat as one thought of them. His daughter, dead these many years. . . .

BEHIND THE SCENES.

Theatre Notes and Notions.

Miss Margaret Morris, who is conducting a short season at the Court on her own account, must, I think, have created a record. She has seen but 21 summers, and is, therefore, the youngest actress-manageress that has yet happened. Her dual production consists of a fantasy by John Galsworthy, entitled "The Little Dream" and "Callisto," a ballet by Maurice Hewlett—two charmingly refreshing trifles very well worth a visit.

* * *

It is noteworthy how little known is was that *Une Nuit de Noel*, the last of Mme. Bernhardt's presentations at the Coliseum, was produced there for the first time on any stage. As it is, I believe, it has been left for *Modern Man* to express an appreciation of the great compliment conveyed to the British theatre-going public in the fact that a French sketch, by two French authors of note, with the Queen of the French stage in the leading rôle, saw its first night in a London Variety Theatre.

The above sketch has been translated and will shortly be seen as "A Christmas Night," with Mrs. Saba Raleigh as the vivandière. Mme. Bernhardt is personally conducting rehearsals.

* * *

Strayed into the great concert hall at Alexander Palace last Sunday, and saw the Palladium band delighting a huge North London crowd. This band has become one of the best London can show since Mr. James Sale has occupied the conductor's chair.

* * *

Mr. T. McDonald Rendle has gone out of his way to say uncomplimentary things about the modern variety show. His sentiments are so far out of keeping with the facts of the case as to render refutation fatuous. I hope he hasn't been keeping bad company lately! Even if, in a fit of mental aberration, he did allow some misguided provincial friend to beguile him into a fifth-rate music-hall, his sufferings were soon over, and he is still free to enjoy himself at the Coliseum, Hippodrome, Palladium, or any of the many similar wonderful institutions for rejuvenating the blasé mind.

W. R. CHILTON REECE.

Cheque Mated.

WHICH TEAMS ARE GOING TO WIN?

LONDON'S POOR SEASON.

First Division Clubs in Danger.

The London clubs are having a very lean time at present, and unless things improve vastly all round, there are already indications that there will be a considerable amount of lamentation in the metropolis when the end of the season arrives.

In a Bad Way.

It is, of course, somewhat premature to start taking such a pessimistic view of things; but we cannot get away from the fact that things are in a very bad way in our part of the country, and, to make matters worse, we have little or no grounds for entertaining the hope that the great improvement necessary to pull us out of the rut will be forthcoming.

Of the three teams we have in the First Division, two are very much in the danger zone, and Chelsea have not so far acquired a sufficient number of points out of the possible to give us a great amount of confidence. True, whatever happens, we must have one representative in the premier division for at least another season, but there is not much consolation in that, seeing that the principal city in the kingdom cannot get together teams good enough to fairly hold their own and give us a fair amount of representation.

It is not a pleasant confession to make, but we cannot close our eyes to the fact that it is so, and it is far better to admit it at once, and look for a way out, rather than attempt to whitewash it.

The Tide of Misfortune.

Against the foregoing we have the fact that Clapton Orient are well up in the Second Division, in fact on top at the time of penning these notes, and there is a possibility that should it so happen that one or two of our teams in the First Division get pushed out, the Orient might take their place. Our other team, Fulham, are not at present showing anything like the form necessary to gain premier honours, and at present we are faced with the possibility of having only one of what we are pleased to call first class teams representing us in "upper ten."

I would not write like this, but for the fact that I consider it my duty to try and make you realise what to my mind is a great danger, so far as London is concerned. It would be more than a catastrophe if we failed to be as well represented as we should be, and I hope that something may be done to stem the tide of misfortune now running against us.

* * *

Benefit Spoi't by Rain.

It was extremely unfortunate for J. W. Sutcliffe that the match played for his benefit between Plymouth Argyle and Devon County should have been completely spoilt by the elements. So bad was the weather that only about three hundred spectators were present. Sutcliffe rendered yeoman service to the Home Park club during the time he acted between the sticks for them, and certainly deserved a bumper, and it is to be hoped that under the circumstances his small share of the proceeds may be augmented in some other way.

* * *

I have been fortunate with my forecasts so far, some sixty per cent. having been correct, and I hope that I may be able to keep it up. By-the-way, I have been asked to say a few words about the teams I select as likely winners—sort of justifying my selections—but you will quite understand that with the limited space I have at my disposal this is somewhat difficult.

I will, however, try it next week, and see how it goes. Appended are this week's selections:—

HOME TEAMS.
EVERTON.
MIDDLESBROUGH.
WEST BROMWICH ALBION.
BRISTOL CITY.
BARNSLEY.
PLYMOUTH ARGYLE.
QUEEN'S PARK RANGERS.

AWAY TEAMS.
ASTON VILLA.
BURNLEY.
BRIGHTON AND HOVE.

POSSIBLE DRAWS.
Blackburn Rovers v. Newcastle United.
Tottenham Hotspur and Bolton Wanderers.
Millwall and Swindon.
Southampton v. Merthyr Town.

MY NOTE BOOK.

£250 FOOTBALL PRIZE.

Skill does not always meet with its proper reward. Very often one hears some such remark as "Considering what I do, I deserve a much better return."

To-day, perhaps, more than ever, we like to know exactly what we are going to get for any particular undertaking before we begin. The information is an incentive or otherwise. Take our new football competition; it stands to reason that no mention of prizes would not have pleased our readers.

But we *do* mention prizes, and, of course, there is enthusiasm. The big amount waiting to be won for skill in forecasting the results of certain matches is £250. There are—but please turn to page 1527, where full details will be found.

* * *

CONCERNING MEN AND CORSETS.

The "Should Men wear Corsets?" controversy continues to excite a good deal of interest among our readers. Captain Saunders has again referred to the subject on "The Outer Man" page, and below brief extracts are given from a couple of many letters received.

"Leather Belt," Lincoln, writes:—

Personally I am not in favour of corsets, although I agree with some form of support for a young man. I hit upon a good idea when I was eighteen years of age, which was to wear an ordinary belt of good strong leather, instead of braces, and by judiciously tightening the belt in about one hole per month, I reduced my waist measurement from 32 in. to 28 in.

A belt will be found not only to broaden the shoulders and chest, but will, if buckled in sufficiently tightly, prevent slouching, and at the same time reduce the waist measurement.

* *

W. B., (Bradford), says:—

I have found corset wearing beneficial in many ways. My waist measurement is twenty-three inches, and I daily lace my corsets as tightly as possible, and find as does "G.L.," that there is an exquisite bracing effect in this.

As to the question of effeminacy, this does not trouble me in the slightest, and I would go further and claim that men have an equal right with women in choosing what they shall wear without being charged with any crime. Myself, I find a delight in dainty underclothing, and always wear women's lingerie, even the usual women's garments. The lace and ribbons have an irresistible appeal to me.

My women friends, far from disdaining me for these habits, admire my taste, and incidentally my figure.

* * *

BRISTOL READER AND FUNERALS.

"I quite agree," says H.L. (Bristol), "with the writer of a recent article in *Modern Man*, that too much money is spent in funerals. As was pointed out, it is natural enough to grieve for a loved one. We are but human, and it is not easy to realise that the deceased and dear one is a great deal better off out of the physical body than in it. But why should we display our grief in public? Why should we walk through the public streets as living advertisements of our loss? Why, above all, should we force poor little children into black clothes?

"As anyone who has the most elementary knowledge of the laws of health can tell you, black is the worst possible colour that anyone can wear. It is hot and gloomy; also, it looks shabby more quickly than any other colour.

"It causes depressing thoughts not only to the wearer but in those who have to associate with him or her. For children it is the very worst wear possible. Anyone knows how a baby will scream with terror at a black hat.

"The few people who are enlightened enough to see the truth of what I have said dare not act upon it and dispense with the horrors of crape. It is the custom, and they are terrified of being thought peculiar. No proverb is truer than that 'Custom doth make cowards of us all.'"

* * *

A SUGGESTION FROM SWANSEA.

One or two members of the *Modern Man* League in Swansea would like to meet others with a view to forming a Harriers Club. So will any of my Swansea readers favouring the idea of a *Modern Man* Harriers and Athletic Club in their own town, please write at once to Mr. E. C. Potter, 24, Brunswick Street.

YOUR EDITOR.

THE MODERN MAN.—No. 17: MR. GEORGE EDWARDES.

"The Guv'nor," as Mr. George Edwardes is affectionately known to many of his stage admirers, has accomplished much off his own bat. From time to time the public have been told that he has risen to his present position from that of "call boy" or some such humble post, but there is no truth in the statement. Nevertheless Mr. Edwardes has been the "architect of his own fortunes," as the old saying goes, and has climbed to the top of the tree by sheer hard work, by his tremendous business sagacity, and last, but not least, his wonderful genius for everything associated with the theatre.

He was born in North Lincolnshire, and comes of stock mainly military. At the age of seventeen he was sent up to "cram" for the "shop"—the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich—but when he went up for his examination he failed to get through. There were forty vacancies, and young Edwardes came out forty-second. A little less attention to grand opera and a little more to his books might have made all the difference, and, as he has said, "to-day I might have been a retired colonel of artillery, rather fussy about draughts, and firmly convinced that the Kitchen Committee of the Club deserved hanging collectively and individually." We are glad he isn't.

Mr. Edwardes' first venture on his own account was with "Little Jack Shepherd," at the Gaiety Theatre, and it was also his first success. It was soon followed by his first failure, "Dorothy."

Since then "the Guv'nor" has had many ups and downs, has made and lost more than one fortune. But he has admitted that if he had his life over again he would ask nothing better than to whole-heartedly devote it to the theatrical profession.

PROFIT BY YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF FOOTBALL.

Why Women are Liars: Lady Reader says They are Educated to be Untruthful.

Under the above heading a lady reader has forwarded the following:—

It was once said by Lombroso, the celebrated criminologist, that "all women were born liars." I think that those of us who have studied the conditions under which women have lived for many centuries will be inclined to modify this somewhat sweeping statement and say that all women are educated to be liars.

Expected to Stifle Views.

For generations women have been trained to think (or, I should say, to profess to think) and act as people expected that they should think and act. No scope was allowed for individuality in a woman either in thought or deed. And what can you expect from such a state of things than that woman should gradually grow into a perfect liar?

When a woman is expected to stifle her own views, and, no matter what her natural inclinations may be, to accept such views as man thinks she should hold, is it possible that that woman can be a perfectly truthful, straightforward person?

No! A thousand times no! If you bring up your daughter by telling her that she must not say this or that, or do such and such a thing because men do not like original women, and teach her that she must be willing to pretend to believe whatever man wishes her to believe, whether she does so or not, can you expect her to be a truthful woman?

In past years women were little more than slaves, and, in a state of slavery, no matter how gilded the chains may be, real truth and honesty cannot flourish. To be truthful one must be allowed to live up to one's ideals, to speak the truth no matter whether it be pleasing to one's "lord and master" or no, to dare to live one's own life according to those ideals. This is what women have been doing recently, and it is through this that they will remove the stigma of lying from their sex.

The "Old Maid" Stigma.

I know that some (and these are mostly men who are anxious to keep their slaves still in a state of subjection) who will say that woman has not improved since these new views on her right to live her own life have been adhered to. These folks will also tell you that through this the marriage rate has dwindled, and will hold this up as a national evil.

Personally, I very much doubt if it be so. That the marriage rate is smaller I agree, but this is merely because women nowadays are no longer willing to accept the first man who is willing to make her his slave and household drudge. The stigma of "old maid" which was so much dreaded has been removed for ever. Time was when, if a woman reached the age of twenty-five and was unmarried, her relations and friends mocked her and called her an "old maid," and rather than submit to such an epithet she was willing to accept a drunkard or gambler and spend the rest of her life in misery and degradation.

Not like her Grandmother.

Nowadays every woman has her own profession, her vocation in life; she is in no hurry to lose her freedom and to relinquish her interests in her career. She demands a higher standard from the man she will wed, and it is because men fail to come up to this standard that marriage is on the decline.

Woman is growing truthful and sincere. She refuses to profess to love what she cannot help despising, and so prefers to remain single rather than sink to the level of her grandmother who was prepared to promise to love, honour and obey any worthless thing who might offer himself.

* * *

Troubles Matrimonial.

Many a man has acknowledged with a groan the truth of the old couplet, "Needles and pins—needles and pins. When a man marries his trouble begins."

Love may or may not be blind, but the sexual instinct is undoubtedly blind, and Jack is no more aware of Angelina's real personality than Angelina knows Jack's real self. Matrimony in the distance is a very different thing from pin-money in the present.

Some Revelations.

When Angelina's poor over-worked father paid her dress bills, it was all very well for Jack to talk about the rustle of angels' wings, but when Jack came to foot those same bills he found out that the rustle of silk petticoats cost him more than he cared about.

Angelina's extravagance is a surprise to Jack—Jack's meanness is a revelation to Angelina. Before marriage Angelina used to rave about the scent of Jack's cigar. She loved it in the grey dusk in the garden at home, it had a soothing effect in the old parlour. After marriage it is as much as Jack's comfort is worth for him to attempt to smoke in the house at all, and as they don't possess a garden, he has to put out his pipe or whatnot on the door-step.

If Jack had realised that Angelina's fads were capable of making a man's life unbearable, he would have said good-bye to Angelina one night on her father's door-step for ever. If Angelina had known how stingy Jack was at bottom, she would have chosen some other man! Perhaps!

A Frail Craft.

Matrimony at the best is a frail craft to trust a life's happiness in, and when neither of the passengers understands navigation, it is almost certain to get wrecked on the rocks—not big rocks but little ones.

It is the needles and pins that irritate a man when he marries—the trifles that a wise wife would keep from him.

Man is at once more patient, and more impatient than a woman. His landlady usually knows this, and this is why there are so many confirmed bachelors in the world to-day.

It is almost safe to say that the average young man knows nothing of needles and pins until he puts a ring on a woman's finger.

"When the leaves begin to fall."

NOWHERE TO LIVE.

The Houselessness of the Rural Poor.

For a little while longer let us examine the ugly evil which *Modern Man* is about to attack with the weapon of a real remedy—the national evil of the houselessness of the rural poor, with which, as we have seen, the scandal of the slumdom of our cities is intimately associated.

Misleading and Fatuous.

For some few years there has been a marked tendency in the direction of the removal of existing manufacturing industries from town to country, and the establishment in the latter of new industries. From the utilitarian, as well as every other point of view, this movement is altogether for good, and wholly to be encouraged. There is only one consideration that seriously checks and thwarts its development. Manufacturers fear a shortage of "hands."

Now it is axiomatically true that workers will follow their work, and this single deterrent would be inoperative but for the rural housing difficulty. Workers must live somewhere as well as work somewhere, and where there is a factory there must be houses. But a countryside that cannot house its own peasantry is in no position to receive workers from town. Until it is, "back to the land," in any capacity, is a cry that is misleading and fatuous.

Idiotic Restrictions.

There is no need to dilate further on an evil so universal, a scandal so patent. From one end of England to the other, the rural poor of England are in the extremity of need for want of dwellings fit for human habitation. For lack of them, they herd in hovels at which a self-respecting pig might be expected to turn up a disdainful snout. For lack of them, young couples cannot mate—down fall the marriage and (legitimate) birth rates. For lack of them, in mounting thousands, the very people England wants are being driven out of England. For lack of them, settlement on the land is a delusion and a snare.

Why private enterprise has failed, and fails still, and must continue to fail, to supply this "felt want," it is not difficult to understand. The idiotic restrictions of local building bye-laws have certainly something to do with it—in some places much, and much more than in other places. But even a general relaxation in this respect would not meet the case, for the more real and further reaching causes lie deeper, and are less amenable to adjustment and amelioration. They are to be found in the surviving feudalism of our land laws, and in the economic conditions of the labour market—both hopelessly beyond the reach of private enterprise in any form.

State Must Step In.

However willing or even eager a seller may be, the ruling average price is to a large extent prohibitive. While it is certain that tenants are waiting, it is equally certain that they cannot pay more than a known rent. In this aspect of the question it is essentially and wholly an economic one—purely a matter of pounds, shillings and pence. On one hand is the total cost of land, material and construction—a minimum so much. On the other hand is the worker's ruling rate of pay, a maximum so much, which limits his capacities as regards the assurance of commensurate interest on the builder's expended capital.

The thing cannot be done. A few exceptions don't count. Suitable dwellings cannot be put up remuneratively. The normal law of supply and demand breaks down. If private enterprise could have found a way out of the difficulty, it would have done so long ago.

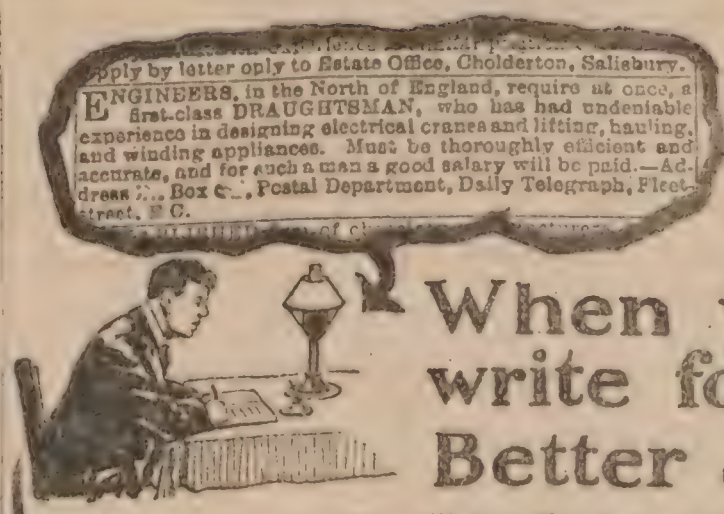
It is for the State to step in. Nothing but State intervention can save the situation. By State intervention we mean much more than, and something radically different from, any attempt to influence existing conditions or create new ones, merely by legislative enactments as to what may or may not, shall or shall not, be done by others.

Worked Without Expenditure.

In this vital matter, in this national emergency, the State must do for itself. A national asset in the permanent form of household property can be acquired and worked by the State without the expenditure of a State farthing; the State can house the houseless and apply the rents to the relief of taxation. By coming to the rescue of the rural poor the State can enrich itself.

We proceed to show how.

(*To be continued.*)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THE CAREER OF DUNLOP KANE:

No. XVI.—HE LAUGHS BEST . . . .

By
ADAM STERN.
Author of the popular Selby Series which appeared in "Modern Man."

It was half past ten at night, and a drizzling rain was falling, as Dunlop Kane walked back to the shop. "The shop" was his own description for it, though the outside public knew it as Prosing's, High Holborn, the handsomest and most up-to-date emporium in London. Kane was Mr. Prosing's right-hand man, and half an hour before he had received the following wire from him:—

"Fear left private letter in drawer of table my private room. Obtain at once and keep till I see you."

He reached the shop, and with a glance over its spacious front, with its curtained windows and steel-shuttered entrances, turned down a side street which ran along the whole length of it. There, half-way down, he inserted his key in a door, and a moment afterwards stood in darkness and silence, feeling for an electric switch. Faintly to his surprise, however, a pressure on the switch produced no light.

He walked along the carpeted passage, and came presently to the stairs which led up to the offices. Opposite to the stairs was a door which communicated with the shop. This door should have been shut, but it was possible in the almost dark to perceive that it was open. A figure came out of the gloom, and said quite casually: "What is it? Do you want me?"

So surprised was Kane that he stood with checked breath, his heart pounding furiously.

"Is everything all right? All's serene here."

"Yes," muttered Kane, and, wheeling automatically, he started to walk back along the passage which led to the exit.

"Where are you going?" whispered the other. He flashed in his hand a tiny electric torch. "By G—d!" he cried out, "Stay where you are, or I shoot you in your tracks!"

There was that in the hissing voice which made Kane instantly comply. He faced about, conscious of a tickling back. The other whispered again:

"What brings you here?—who are you? I thought you'd come downstairs."

He had a Browning pistol ready.

"I might ask the same of you," said Kane. "If appearances are anything to judge by, we're both here on the same errand."

"E—h?" said the other.

"Crime, I take it. This is rather awkward. I don't know which is entitled to priority."

There was silence for a moment. The other retreated a step, and so shone his torch that it illuminated Kane's face while leaving his own in shadow.

"Go upstairs," he said grimly; "We'll soon settle this."

It was not a convenient moment to argue. Kane went upstairs, with the muzzle of a Browning pistol pressed hard against his spine. At the door of Mr. Prosing's private room they stopped.

The man scraped stealthily on it, and opened it quietly. Two men were inside, kneeling by some apparatus in front of the built-in safe; and both looked; and one of them rose swiftly to his feet, with a movement of his jaws like the closing of a trap. He was very undersized, neatly attired, with a swarthy skin and sinister eyes.

"Who's that with you?" he demanded.

He listened to the reply, and a smile spread over his face.

"So," he said, "Quite a coincidence. What a blessing for us all it is no one on the side of the enemy. No, don't go, Jake; come and help brother Dick do the job. I'll attend to this gentleman; I'll do the honours by him."

He took the pistol and motioned Kane politely to a chair. He closed the door, and then came forward, and half sat on Mr. Prosing's table, dangling one leg, and fingering with a careless forefinger the Browning which lay in his hand.

"You say you are a rival—one of ourselves. Now that's odd, I think. To my mind you have a most convincing resemblance to a man employed here who goes by the name of Kane. Quite a popular chap he is. We don't take these jobs on, you know, without some study of the ground beforehand. By the Lord Jack!" he suddenly exclaimed, and smacked his thigh, "I believe I've spotted it! You're here to rob your employer! Who ever heard of a confidential clerk who didn't? That's it, young Cool-mug, isn't it? And yet I hae me doots. Ye've an honest face, laddie. Shift from that chair, or as much as open your mouth, and I'll blow your face right off, son."

So he went on, alternating curiously between banter and savagery, while Kane sat mute, watching him closely with an expression of pleased interest.

"Being a beginner, so to speak, you'll naturally be pleased to see how experts work. That little apparatus there is a contrivance for melting metal. There's oxygen in that cylinder. We're going to melt out the front of that safe—carefully like, so as not to destroy what's stored inside. I've been told—I don't say it's genuine—that there's ten thousand pounds-worth of jewellery in that there safe. You'll excuse my lapse into vulgarity—it's the inevitable consequence of the low company I keep. . . . Now, hurry up there, you two, and cut that asinine sniggering. D'ye take me for a comedian?"

Indubitably he was the master.

A blinding, brilliant light shone, quickly to be controlled and concentrated on the door of the safe. The steady, persistent hissing was the only sound now in the room. The atmosphere grew hot.

Kane watched the operations absorbedly. There was speculation in his eyes.

He casually put his hand in his pocket.

"Keep still, damn you!" threatened the swarthy little man.

"You surely don't object to my smoking a cigarette? And even if you do, I'd rather die than not have one." As he held the match his hand was as steady as a rock.

The swarthy little man had reluctant admiration in his eye. "What the devil is the matter with you now?" he demanded, snappily, as presently to his surprise, Kane shook with silent laughter.

"You fellows waste so much energy," said Kane. "It wouldn't occur to you, I suppose, to see if I've got the key?"

The swarthy little man looked suspicious. "What's your object in telling us that?"

"To save that safe, before you spoil the thing entirely."

"Well, hand it over then. But I assure you solemnly, if you try any hanky-panky I'll drill a hole in you."

Kane drew out his key ring, and detaching a key, tossed it to the other. He leaned back in his chair and dabbed his hot face with his handkerchief. "Jove!" he said, "I'm glad you've shut off that oxygen."

With his handkerchief held lightly to his lips he watched with dilated eyes the operation on the safe door with the key. The door swung open. He narrowed his eyelids till they were almost closed.

No change took place in the situation in the ensuing few moments. The men had crowded forward to peer inside the safe. Then the swarthy little man backed a pace and slowly turned his face with a look of silent horror upon it. The other two men held clutching hands in the air and fell abruptly to the floor. Kane stood suddenly, and, catching up his chair, flung it full at the swarthy little man, who was levelling the Browning pistol. Before it reached him he, too, had toppled forward. The fumes of the compound of ammonia—Kane's idea for protecting the safe—had effectively done their work.

He rushed to the door, and gasped in draughts of fresh air. Ten minutes later he had called in the police, and the burglars were in custody.

(Another complete story next week.)

"If Gamage were my partner."

HOW THE KNOWLEDGE THAT HAS BROUGHT HIM TO SUCCESS CAN HELP OUR READERS THERE.

A. W. GAMAGE.

NOT so many years ago the man whose picture appears on this page was the proud proprietor of a half-share in a tiny little shop in Holborn with a frontage of not more than a few feet. Now that business occupies two huge blocks of buildings, and is being added to every day. And its owner has hundreds of other interests as well.

Moreover, this wonderful success is due to his own efforts. He has had no outside "influence" to help him on the road to success. His progress had been due to one thing and one things only, to his business knowledge, the knowledge that tells one when to buy and how to sell, that shows the way out of difficulties and the best means of seizing opportunities.

What would it mean to you?

What would it not mean to you if you could have such a man with you every day in your work to help you in *your* difficulties, to show you the way to seize *your* opportunities? You must realise that it might mean just the difference between just the mediocre measure of success that attends most hard-working men and the real success that comes to the few. Only last week Andrew Carnegie, the great millionaire, told a reporter that "merely doing your duty is not sufficient. You must work with your head, and in addition to obeying orders *work out projects of your own.*"

Now, how are you to lay those projects, if you have no past experience to help you, or no substitute for it, such as you would have if only you could have a man like Gamage for your partner?

How can you have it?

Do you know that you *can* have Gamage for your partner, at least as far as the benefit of his advice is concerned? And not only Gamage, but also Sir Joseph Lyons, the famous restaurateur, and Richard Burbidge, managing director of Harrods' Stores; and S. F. Edge, the famous expert on making and selling motor cars, who started as a cycle racer; and James Murray Allison, who in six or seven years has reached the top of the tree in the advertising profession, and is now advertisement manager of *The Times*; and John Lawrie, managing director of William Whiteley, Ltd., who has only this last week or two seen his firm open the most wonderful business premises in England, if not in the world.

And the way you can get the benefit of these men's knowledge is by getting the Business Encyclopædia and by referring to it whenever a business difficulty faces you. Whatever your difficulty, however hard it seems, you will be able to solve it by the advice given in the Business Encyclopædia. For it is written by men who have solved similar difficulties themselves, including all those mentioned above, and many more besides, whose names will be sent free upon request.

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In this column you will find a special coupon for readers of MODERN MAN, which entitles you to a free copy of an interesting book on business, that may set you on the right road to business success, just as it has set many others of your fellow readers. In itself, it is of considerable value to any business man, for it contains actual facsimile specimens, showing how to draw up important legal documents, such as wills, agreements, leases, indentures, etc., etc.

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RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT.

BY OUR PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT.

A Breathing Exercise.

W.J.M. (Macclesfield) says that he hears a lot about the value of deep breathing, but does not know how to carry it out.

I have already given more than one deep-breathing exercise, but here is a new and good one.

Standing out in the open or in front of an open window, breathe out all the air you can. Pressure with the right hand on the pit of the stomach will enable you to get out more air than you could in the ordinary way.

Then take a long, deep breath, through the nose, of course. When you feel that you could not possibly get any more air in, raise the elbows, and drop them quickly to the sides two or three times, so that if any pals were present they would irreverently compare you with a crow flapping its wings.

Repeat the exercise six to twelve times, and make a point of doing it night and morning.

Don't, however, fall into the common error of imagining that because you do regular deep breathing exercises you can afford to breathe shallowly at other times.

Reading aloud is a useful help towards acquiring the most valuable habit of deep breathing, for unless you breathe properly you will soon find yourself short of "wind" and your voice growing weak.

* * *

We regret that owing to a misunderstanding illustrations have been reproduced from the physical culture courses of Messrs. Thomas Inch, Ltd., Münster House, 676 and 676a Fulham Road S.W., without permission, and we hasten to acknowledge the source from which they came.

* * *

Anæmia.

"B. D. N." (Huddersfield):—Complains of palpitation of the heart, breathlessness on slight exertion, listlessness, and marked timidity and nervousness. Also of puffiness about the eyes and ankles. He adds further: "A friend tells me that if I eat a rump steak every day, I should soon be all right, but I do not care for meat at all."

As my readers know, I am averse to diagnosing complaints owing to the fact that different diseases often have similar symptoms, while, not being a medical man, I have no desire to usurp the doctor's province. Here, however, all my correspondent's symptoms point clearly to anæmia, the dislike of meat being an almost infallible sign of this disease. Anæmia is more prevalent among women than among men, and attacks the poor more frequently than the well-to-do. The poor are especially subject to anæmia, which is a deficiency of red corpuscles and hæmoglobin in the blood, partly because poor or insufficient food, overwork and unhealthy surroundings are all favourable to its production, partly because the means of cure are often beyond the poor person's reach.

The Cure.

The natural cure of anæmia lies in change of scene, abundance of fresh air and sunlight, and moderate outdoor exercise. The distaste for meat must be overcome. Of course, it is useless to offer an anæmic person huge slabs of meat, unappetisingly prepared. The meat, which must be of the best quality, must be daintily cooked and as daintily served. I don't mean by this that the meat should be disguised with rich sauces, but an anæmic person will look at, nay more, eat, say, a kidney on toast or a small crisp fillet of beef where he will turn away in disgust from a greasy plateful of mutton or a stodgy beef-stake pudding. Medicines, though of secondary importance, are not useless in anæmia, but here it is the doctor's business to prescribe. I may say, however, that a medical friend of mine is a firm believer in the efficacy of Blaud's pills in anæmic cases.

Answers to Correspondents.

SUSSEX.—I have given several abdominal exercises of late. All bending and stooping movements are good for stomachic disorders.

Do you eat slowly and chew your food thoroughly, for flatulence is often due to bolting the food? Try rubbing the stomach with warm olive oil.

Sal Volatile is a very good remedy for flatulence, while it is most important to keep the bowels regular by such natural means as walking, fresh fruit, and vegetables.

ROBIN (Wrexham).—Seems to me as if the roots of your teeth were decayed, so that the stopping would do no good.

You might obtain relief by applying bread and milk poultices between the cheeks and affected gums; on no account outside the cheek.

To make a bread and milk poultice, cut a piece of bread about the size of the little finger and without breaking it into crumbs. Pour boiling hot milk over it, cover with a plate or cup, let it stand for five minutes, and then apply the soaked bread to the gum. But on the whole you should consult your dentist.

In reply to your second question, I should recommend elastic strands, though there is really nothing to choose between them and the other kind you mention.

NERVOUS (Birmingham).—See my remarks this week on anæmia.

D.L.G. (Canterbury).—The gospel of fresh air in the bedroom does not mean sleeping in a draught, and your bed should be placed so that it is not between the window and the door.

The amount of sleep required by a man depends very largely on the individual. Some men thrive on four hours sleep a night; others will be starved of sleep if they get less than eight hours. I am a firm believer in the maxim that an hour's sleep before midnight is worth two hours sleep after it.

COLIC (Dundee).—Try wearing a roll of flannel round your waist and next the skin.

R.F. (Chatham).—Try taking a teaspoonful of pure olive oil two or three times a week. If you cannot stomach it neat, take it with lettuce, tomatoes, or fish.

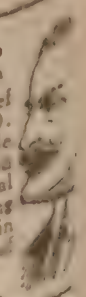
J.R.D. (South Hampstead).—Measurements very good on the whole, but neck is a trifle undersized. See that your neckwear is quite loose and practise head bending and stretching movements.

MISS B.D. (Sydenham).—Complains of hollowness about the neck and shoulders. She should massage them daily with olive oil and religiously practise deep breathing.

W.L.M. (Cardiff).—Should say the condition of your teeth is due to Tartar. Try rubbing the teeth with pure vinegar and water.

E.G.R. (Upper Norwood).—A curling stone weighs from thirty-five to fifty pounds and measures thirty to thirty-six inches in circumference. An average price for a pair of stones is £2 to £2 10s.

"Modern Man" says:



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OUR WHEELER'S COLUMN.

Cycle Notes and Bargains.

The only stipulation which is made in connection with our Free Exchange Bureau is that a reader must make his requirements known in not more than twelve words, to be written on the coupon printed below.

Please state in your letter if you prefer a box number or your address to appear in the advertisement.

Different Types of Side-Cars.

Now that the general reliability of the motor-cycle is firmly established, it naturally follows that manufacturers have turned their attention to popularising the side-car, so much so that it is possible to get models ranging from the £5 5s. cane to the £18 18s. coach-built side-car.

There are three different types of side-car, the rigid, flexible, and castor wheel. The rigid, which is the simplest and most popular form, requires no explanation. As its name implies, the wheel of the side-car is fixed parallel with the back wheel of the motor bike, the advantage of this particular type is that it is fairly cheap, and practically immune from sideslip.

The principle of the Flexible side-car is that the connecting joints are flexible, thus allowing the turnout to be driven and steered by equilibrium like a motor bike, the coupling allowing the bicycle to lean over either towards or from the side-car.

This type is very easy to attach or detach from the bicycle, but the steering is harder than the other types, and it is by no means proof against sideslip. Very few of these are now seen having been displaced by the Castor wheel side-car, which is the last word in this direction. Again the name explains the principle, amongst the many advantages of which are extreme ease of steering, and the comfort of the passenger even at high speeds.

Travelling in the Fog.

A useful hint to those who travel in cold and foggy weather is that a drop of whisky or other form of alcohol mixed with the water in the generator will prevent freezing, and that a yellow light pierces fog much better than a pure white one.

* * *

Answer to Correspondents. F.D. writes: How can I alter my 3½ Triumph to make it go faster?—These well-known machines, if in decent condition can always do a fair turn of speed, and absence of this would indicate that an overhaul is desirable, a dirty carburettor, excess of carbon deposit, or bad compression, due to worn or broken piston rings would all account for loss of speed and power. I would on no account tamper with the timing of the valves or piston, as apart from the pity of tampering with such a fine machine as the Triumph such alterations seldom give satisfaction, except perhaps to the repairer.

MOTOR CYCLES.

Minerva, 2 h.p., good condition, sell £5, or exchange for higher power and cash.—R. Benn, 23, Sudbourne Road, Brixton, London, S.W.

Victoria, 3½ h.p., 1912, Precision engine, six months old. Owner going abroad. £30.—John Bell, 229, High Street, Elgin.

CYCLES.

Rover, lady's, 25s., or exchange for Gramophone records.—Blackmore, 9, Seymour Avenue, Plymouth.

B.S.A., gent's, with cash, in exchange for miniature billiard-table.—H. Beauchamp, 132, West Green Road, Tottenham.

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Motor and Pedal Cycle Exchange.

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STOCKS AND SHARES.

BY "ORTHOS," THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

Everything is at a standstill—no one seems inclined to speculate, and when the insider is afraid of which way the cat is likely to jump, the outsider holds back and looks on.

* * *

This is all as it generally is, but I hope my readers are acting differently.

* * *

I candidly assure you, you now have the chance of your life to pick up stocks or shares dirt cheap.

* * *

The bears are working down prices all they know how, but as all speculative accounts have been wiped out, it only requires a little courage on the part of the public to bring about a quick change.

* * *

The rise has got to come, and then you will be saying: "If I had only bought when 'Orthos' told me to, I should have made so and so."

* * *

Among Rails the feature of the past week has been the absorption of the Great Northern and City Railway by the Metropolitan.

* * *

Why? say some; but the Metropolitan are looking ahead.

* * *

In the first place the G.N. and C.R. was built to take trunk line rolling stock, and along the line there are some extensive sidings which may prove useful.

* * *

A connection with the Midland at Drayton Park or Harringay Park would immediately create an enormous traffic.

* * *

My opinion is that the Metropolitan have made a good deal.

* * *

Metropolitan Districts are still a good buy at 39. The traffic return for last week again shows an increase of over £1,300. Figures will tell.

* * *

Great Northern Deferred and South Eastern Def. are cheap at present prices, and Brighton Def. look very tempting at anything under 90.

* * *

All Canadian Stocks and Shares have been heavily sold of late, as well as American, and although Can. Pacs. look worth buying at the present price, I prefer advising my readers to leave this market alone.

* * *

On the other hand, I do not think you could find a safer investment than Grand Trunk Third Pref. at about £51 to £52.

* * *

This stock is an excellent lock up, as it is bound to go to par.

* * *

Mexican Rails are still jumping and diving about; leave them alone.

* * *

The Rubber market is still very quiet, but there are plenty of good dividend payers knocking about.

* * *

Patalings at 39s. will show you a handsome return, and among the small priced ones you cannot do better than the following: — Dolok Rubber 3s. 9d., Bikam Rubber, 4s. 6d.; Yam Seng Rubber, 8s. 6d.; Sengat Rubber, 3s.; and United Sumatra, at 7s.

In the Oil market shares are cheap, but Spies are dirt cheap.

* * *

The Mining markets have been having an unhappy time, but their turn will come.

* * *

The one and only exception has been Rhodesian Central Mining, which I can still strongly recommend.

* * *

They are bound to come out on top as soon as the markets revive, so be prepared to get in early before the rise.

* * *

There has been a good deal of noise in the industrial market, but little real business doing.

* * *

Marconis are still best left alone. National Telephone have been offered, but Associated Cement are slightly better.

* * *

As I said last week, they are worth attention at about 6½.

* * *

National Steam Cars are worth buying, and Amalgamated Press have jumped up since the settlement.

* * *

The A.P. dividend is due this month; will it be bigger than before?

* * *

If any reader wishes to buy or sell shares on the Stock Exchange, I shall be pleased to send him the name of a member.

ORTHOS.

* * *

BRIEF REPLIES.

R. L. (Aberdeen).—Sell your Maikop Spies and invest the money in Spies Petroleum, which are really good. I can give you the name of a broker to deal with if you require it.

J. E. (Portsmouth).—Ashanti Gold Fields are the only shares worth buying in the West African Market. They have shown a slight improvement in price this last day or so on the rumour as to a rich strike of ore on one of the companies mines. Ashanti are 4s. shares, present price £1, and pay a 25 per cent. quarterly dividend.

S. B. (Oxford).—Among Industrials Aerated Bread Company National Steam Cars are both worth buying, and Grand Trunk Third Preference are an excellent lock up.

J. J. (Leeds).—There is no doubt you will see a much be[tter] for Casey Cobalt Shares, as recent workings have resulted in [rich] discoveries, and it is quite likely that dividends will shortly be commenced.

S. O. (Tulse Hill).—Spies Petroleum are good to buy and Premier Oil look cheap at present prices. I do not advise buying Maikop shares until we get further news of what these numerous Tweedie concerns are doing.

J. W. (Notts).—Do not have anything to do with the company whose papers you send me. I will send you the name of a broker by post.

"DISAPPOINTED."—We all are just now at seeing prices so low, but hold on to your shares as things will right themselves in the next two or three months.

J. G. (Kent).—Metropolitan Districts are worth buying now, and so are all dividend paying rubber shares. I do not consider you would be justified in buying Cement Ordinary if you are looking for a dividend.

Enquirer.—The companies you mention are all very risky. Why not buy some Rhodesian Central Mining at 11s.

B. J. (Brixton).—I do not believe in British, Burma or Maikop Spies. One of the best purchases in the Oil market is Spies Petroleum at the present very low price of 22s.

S. H. (Manchester).—Amalgamated Press Shares are well worth holding, and South Eastern Deferred. Buy Great Northern or South Eastern Deferred.

K. W. (Kingston).—Pataling Rubber Estates are all right, [at] price they will show you a return of about 13 per cent. Do not [buy] Sak Halim Oilfields, as the company is over-capitalised. Exploring [Oil] and Minerals are a cheap pick-up now.

D. R. (Edinburgh).—There are many good shares worth buying in [the] oil and rubber market, and if you like to send me particulars of [the] amount you wish to invest I will advise you accordingly.

H. J. (Belfast).—I cannot recommend dealings with the Metropolitan and Counties Investors, Ltd. If you want to buy shares I will send you the name of a broker.

J. R. (York).—The sum you want to invest is very small. [Wait] you have saved up about £20, then write me again.

K. B. (Manchester).—The shares you mention are altogether too [speculative] to have anything to do with. Buy a few Spies Petroleum [and] and Rhodesian Central Mining at about 11s.

G. C. (Willesden).—Hold your Grand Trunk Third and Districts, [and] sell the others. The Prudential is quite safe.

B. K. (Beckenham).—The National Steam Car Company is doing well despite the keen competition of the L.G.O. I should buy the shares as you are likely to see a good return for your money.

H. S. (Wood Green).—I am glad you have secured a profit on [the] shares I advised. You might buy now a few Rhodesian Central Mining. Mexican Eagle Prefs. are all right and likely to go better in a month or two.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR WILL BE PLEASED TO ANSWER ANY ENQUIRY BY POST ON RECEIPT OF P.O. FOR SIXPENCE, OR BY WIRE, ONE SHILLING.

CORRESPONDENT'S BUREAU

Brief Replies to Various Questions.

S.G. (Shenstone).—The military authorities might be disposed to make an exception in your favour, for certainly a short man should make as good a clerk as a long one. Should advise you to apply to the Adjutant at Lichfield Barracks.

The commencing pay of a private in the Army Service Corps or Army Ordnance Corps is 1s. 2d. plus 3d. a day corps pay.

Will you and other correspondents please note that it is not always possible to give a reply in "next issue."

"NEMO" (Aberdeen).—Portrait of Washington in the bathroom story used to amuse us when we were very, very young.

T.L. (Manchester).—Rochefoucauld was the author of the saying: *L'hypocrisie est un hommage que la vice rend a la vertu* ("Hypocrisy is the homage which vice renders to virtue.")

Next for shaving, please.

"AGE" (Brighton).—Steve Bloomer is older than W. Meredith, but both are "evergreen."

J.Mc. (Greenock).—A player takes a penalty kick. The ball strikes a post, without the goalkeeper touching it, and rebounds. The same player pounces on the ball and puts it into the net. Is it a goal? No, sir, and a free kick should be given against the player for playing the ball twice.

A.J.R. (West Kensington).—The maximum salary of an assistant master in a London County Council secondary school is £300 per annum. This is better than the average, but in our opinion is not enough to attract really good men, as the master has, of course, to keep himself, unlike a master at a boarding school.

"X.Y.Z." (Leeds).—Certainly a goalkeeper can be penalised for carrying the ball within the penalty area.

"B." (South Norwood).—A soldier found in an enemy's camp must not be treated as a spy, but as a prisoner of war, provided he is not disguised. It would be entirely contrary to use force to make him tell what information he has obtained.

A spy, on the other hand, has no rights. Secrecy and disguise are the essential characteristics of a spy.

C.D. (Leamington). — As a visitor to a club you must not offer to pay for a game of billiards lost by you. If you take part in a game of pool you may pay your losses, though even here, strictly speaking, these should be paid by your host, you and he settling up afterwards, a remark which also applies to settling the pool and table charges.

WHAT ENGLAND EXPECTS.

The significance of Nelson's stirring words "England this day expects every man to do his duty" are not confined to the warfare in which shot and shell play such a destructive part. It is equally as important that they be remembered in another kind of battle—the battle of life, the combat for establishing the best position one can for oneself in the world and justifiably retain it.

To-day there is no room for the slovenly, slow and "well to-morrow will do" individual. He's left behind, and quite right too. To keep pace with the progress of time *must be* the determination of all who deserve well; in fact, it is a duty, but, unfortunately, it is so very, very often neglected.

Out for Best and Quickest.

To take only that vocation in life in which a knowledge of shorthand is indispensable. Doesn't it stand to reason that an employer looks out for the best and quickest? It isn't likely that he is going to choose or keep the eighty or ninety words per minute servant when he can get men and women who can travel at treble the rate and over, and are competent in every way.

To all whom it may concern, see to it that *you* are *not* left behind. There is no reason why you should. You cannot put up competency or lack of speed down to lack of opportunity. Be a 250 per minute man; be a 250 per minute woman, by studying the Sloan Duployan "New Rapid" correspondence lessons. Write to Mr. F. Harvey Hatchard, principal of the Holborn Hall College, Holborn Hall, London, W.C. He will see to it that you are fit for the battle of life.

After four weeks' tuition a speed of eighty words per minute is guaranteed.

A CYCLIST'S CHOICE.

During a railway strike a number of camping cyclists had pitched their tents close to a country station, after a tremendous struggle against a terrific head wind. The whole party were sleeping soundly when the station-master in search of free labour spotted them.

"Any of you fellows want to put your names down as railway porters, drivers, stokers, signalmen, platelayers, or anything connected with the railway?" he enquired. Silence reigned, but eventually one weary cyclist slowly raised his head and drowsily muttered, "Yes, put me down as a sleeper, please!"

SEND YOUR FORECASTS.

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THE WEEK'S RACING.

By "The Old Hand."

The Racing Editor will wire the best thing he knows each day for 5s. weekly, or will send a single message for 1s. Selections will be wired overnight for the benefit of readers who cannot deal with mid-day messages.

The event of this week is the Liverpool Autumn Cup, due to be run next Friday, and I find the winner is not an easy problem, so well are the weights allotted. BATCHLOR'S HOPE, with 9st. 4lbs. to shoulder, is surely overdone on his form in the Duke of York's Stakes, and if Persse is to win the race it will have to be with ST. EDGAR, who is quite a useful colt if not up the classic standard. He did not do so badly when attempting to concede 11lbs. to MARCOLICA at Ayr, but his best form was at York, when at level weights he easily accounted for MUNFORD, APPRENTICE, and others. He may have run at Alexandra Park while these notes are in the press, and in that case, his performance there will be the best guide to his chance for this race.

ETON BOY ran very well indeed in the Cambridgeshire, but may not get this distance. LONAWAND could win easily if he would do his best, but he is such an unreliable brute that one dare not trust him in a race like this. He is also in the Grosvenor Cup on Saturday, and may wait for the race. If HAMERTON runs as well as he did behind ADAM BEDE in the Duke of York Stakes, he will go very close.

WOLFE LAND may have run in the London Autumn Cup at "A.P." in the meantime, and if so, his form there will be the best guide to his chance for this race. LORENZO has a 10lb. penalty for a recent victory, but this only brings his weight up to 7-9, and that may not be enough to stop him. MOHACZ is a good staying colt, with a nice turn of speed, but may not be quite good enough to win outright, though I should not be surprised to see him run into a place.

BRYONY has done nothing of note for such a long time that I cannot have him on this occasion, neither do such as ABSOLUTE or BONFIRE appeal to me. FOREST LASSIE is one of the season's most pronounced failures, a fact which is no doubt attributable to what she takes out of herself at the gate.

WILLAURA represents Lord Derby in preference to HAIR TRIGGER II., and with 7st. 2lbs. is not at all badly in. Nothing delights the locals more than to see Lord Derby's colours in the van, and it is quite likely they will be on this occasion.

APRILLE is useful, and is sure to run well, but I like nothing better than

WILLAURA,

who should be supported each way.

Others that may win during the week are:—

LINCOLN—Monday.

Gantley Selling Plate: CHATHAM II.
Blankney Nursery: FINAL SHOT.
Gt. Tom Plate: MAHSUD.
Doddington Plate: COLUMBUS.

LINCOLN—Tuesday.

Lincoln Autumn Handicap: FOREST LASSIE.
Chaplin Nursery: BURGESS.
Welbeck Plate: SLASH LANE.

LIVERPOOL—Wednesday.

Becher Steeplechase: ANOTHER DELIGHT.
Lancashire Handicap: RATHLEA.
Knowsley Nursery: WILLIAM OF ORANGE.
Liverpool St. Leger: DONNITHORNE.

LIVERPOOL—Thursday.

Stewards' Plate: HALLATON.
Grand Sefton Steeplechase: BALLYHACKLE.

LIVERPOOL—Friday.

Croxteth Plate: PRESTER JACK.
Downe Nursery Handicap: CLAQUE COLT.

LIVERPOOL—Saturday.

Liverpool Nursery Stakes: LIGHT BRIGADE.
November Hurdle Handicap: WILKINSTOWN.
Grosvenor Cup: MUSTAPHA.

I notice that the horse I told you to follow a few weeks ago, BUTCHER BIRD, won last week, so now you can drop him. True, the price was very short, but I cannot help that, and those who took my advice at least had the satisfaction of winning, as it was the first he had won since I mentioned him. One you might follow now with a practical certainty of making a profit is

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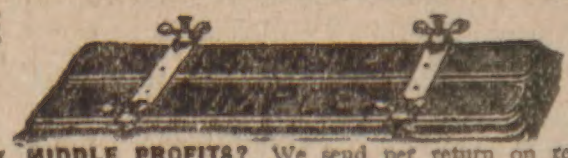

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Signature.....

Address.....

THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

A

CORSETS FOR MEN.

My recent remarks on the wearing of corsets by masculine persons have aroused controversy—not to say heat.

One correspondent says he wears corsets because of special weakness, and another says he has worn them ever since he left school, and wouldn't be without them for anything now.

I can understand both points of view, but what I want to know is why a healthy man should wear corsets.

If he is strong and athletic he does not need any artificial support to enable him to carry himself erect.

If corsets are worn to correct weakness I have nothing to say against them, though, after all, weakness is nothing for a man to be proud of.

One correspondent suggests that corsets protect the back and stomach, but this is done quite as efficiently, and even more so, by a roll of flannel next the skin.

I cannot agree with the correspondent who says that the body round the waist needs more support because there are no bones.

Man—and woman too, for that matter—was made to walk erect.

However, my remarks were really directed against the man who wears corsets for the sake of a small waist.

I do think there is something ineradicably effeminate in the practice, and I am inclined to think the majority of my readers will agree with me.

One must not argue from the particular to the general. I have not met many corset-wearing men in or out of the Service, but those I have known have been, without exception—well, unpleasant creatures.

A pinched waist is ugly in a woman, but it is simply horrible in a man, and, like a wig, it rarely deceives anybody.

TIE MEM.

The Ascot tie will be *the* tie this winter. It must not be worn with a double collar, and goes best with a wing collar.

It takes some tying.

DRESS WAISTCOATS.

Evening dress white waistcoats are now being made with four buttons, and quite small buttons too.

White cloth is finding much favour as a substitute for drill, which is not easily shaped to the figure.

THE GUNN TARTAN.

A correspondent, whose name is Gunn, says he has heard that the Gunns are a Highland clan, asks if this is true, and, if so, what is their tartan?

The Gunns are a very old Highland clan indeed, and were originally either Norsemen or natives of the Orkneys.

Their tartan is a little difficult to describe, but it is chiefly dark blue and dark green checks, with red lines crossing.

I may add that the badge of the Clan Gunn is either the juniper or the roseroot.

* * *

BRIEF REPLIES.

"Note" (London).—If you would tell me why you wear the sleeve away I might be able to help you, but it is difficult to suggest a remedy until I know the cause.

A.L. (Kinghorn).—You might try Messrs. Cruickshank and Sons, Edinburgh.

J.J. (Portsmouth).—Jaeger natural wool makes a very good material for a smoking jacket.

T.R. (Doncaster).—Sorry, but I am not going to give the duties of a "best man" again this side of Christmas.

The motorist emerged from beneath the car and struggled for breath. His helpful friend, holding the oil can, beamed upon him.

"I've just given the cylinder a thorough oiling, Jimmy, old man," said the helpful friend.

"Cylinder!" said the motorist, heatedly, "that wasn't the cylinder; it was my ear!"

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